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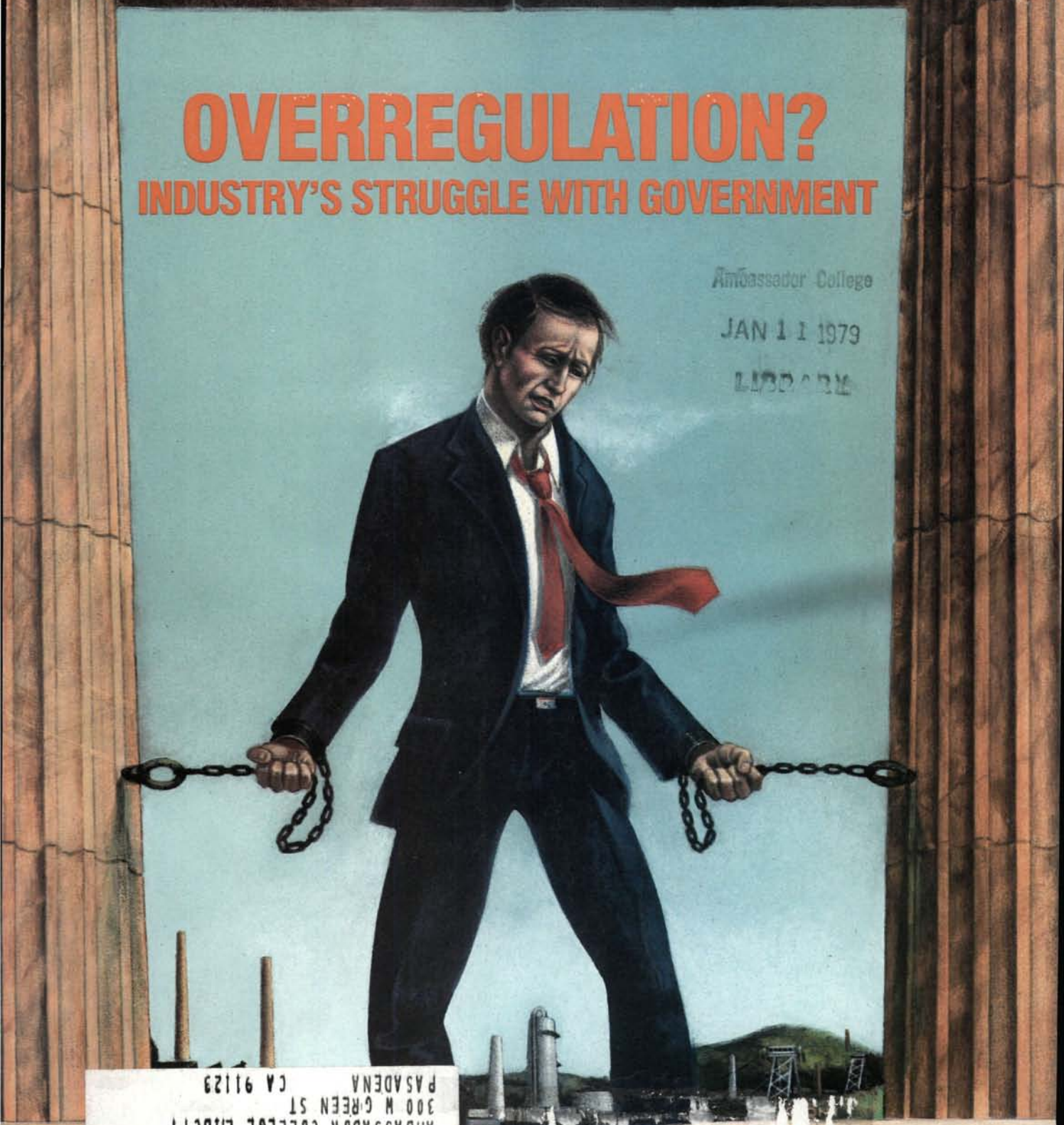

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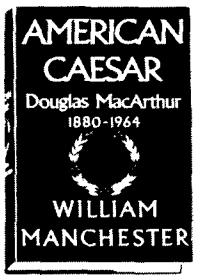

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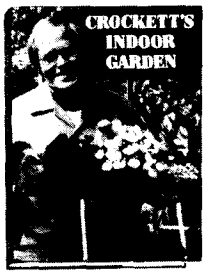

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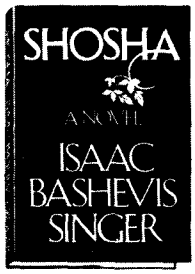

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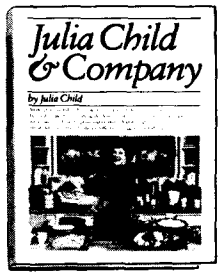

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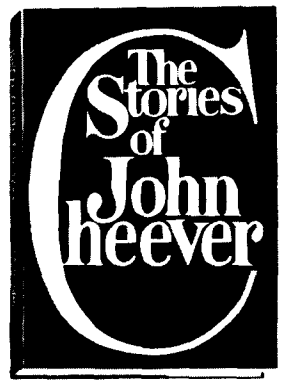

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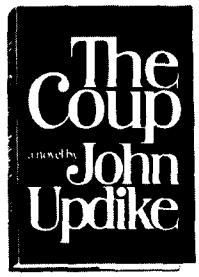

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Regulators: the new reactionaries

If the Capitalist Revolution of the 20th century created America's dynamic economic system, then today's army of government regulators, reacting to that revolution, are trying to turn back the clock to the detriment of today's standard of living. In that respect, they clearly fit the role of reactionaries. And as their power and influence have grown, they have, in effect, made a counter-revolution.

This counter-revolution is both quantitative and qualitative. William Lilley III and James C. Miller III, who both served on the Council on Wage and Price Stability, make this point in their study entitled *The New "Social Regulation."* They write that the "old-style" or traditional economic regulation focused "on markets, rates, and the obligation to serve." The new regulation—social regulation—"affects the conditions under which goods and services are produced and the physical characteristics of products that are manufactured."

Because regulation itself—the counter-revolution—is constantly growing in new directions, the apparatus for its implementation also is expanding rapidly. Between 1970 and 1975, according to Lilley and Miller, the number of economic regulatory agencies in Washington increased by 25 percent and their budgets by 157 percent; agencies of social regulation grew by 42 percent, and their expenditures by 193 percent. Nor has the trend been reversed since 1975.

In the course of expanding their regulatory scope, the counter-revolutionaries have succeeded in a massive transfer of power. The result has been a shift of strength from those who produce goods to those who produce ideology—intellectuals, journalists, policy professionals, various reformers, and the regulators themselves.

These counter-revolutionary ideologues—reactionaries, if you will—have shown a marked anti-business bias. But their thrust is also aimed at the mass of Americans "who go around doing and enjoying things without permission," in the words of Paul H. Weaver, the political scientist and writer.

Thus, America has experienced a growing trend toward making manufacturers—and consumers—pay the social costs of modern goods and services. The drive toward cleaner air and water and safer products—however desirable the goals—has not been clearly presented to the American people in terms of the costs they must pay to achieve these goals. It has thus become a covert form of taxation.

Dr. Weaver has written that the "underlying interests and ethos" of the new regulatory class represent an animus "not so much against business or technology as against the liberal values served by corporate capitalism and the benefits these institutions provide to the broad mass of the American people: economic growth, widespread prosperity, material satisfactions, a sense of nationhood, a belief in an open and self-determined future, and the many options and freedoms these make possible for ordinary citizens."

He adds that "the hostility of the new class to acts of consumption by consenting adults is paralleled by a vigorous opposition to all institutions that promote consumption—advertising, the corporation, and above all the Old Regulation."

Given today's reactionary climate, it becomes easier to understand why American business finds it increasingly difficult to perform so many tasks that used to happen routinely—such as adding new plant and equipment, for example.

The counter-revolution simply creates too many obstacles to new investment. As capital investment lags so does the productivity of American industry. Our country's recent record of productivity growth is among the lowest of major industrialized nations—and most experts agree that increased productivity is the only way we can increase America's standard of living.

When capital formation falters—and that's what's been happening—so does the nation's progress toward new and better jobs and new and better products. Countries like Japan and West Germany, where national policy is designed to *encourage* increased capital investment, have achieved a modern industrial plant, low unemployment, and strong currencies.

In contrast, the costs and uncertainties begotten by excessive regulation have contributed substantially to America's antiquated industrial plant, severely beset by foreign competition, and an economy that suffers a high level of unemployment even as inflationary pressures worsen. The reactionaries have done their work too well.

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Saturday Review

CONTENTS

January 20, 1979

6 **Letters**
8 **Front Runners**
14 **Editorial** by N.C. *Getting serious about inflation*
16 **Light Refractions** by Thomas H. Middleton *How the other half talks*
18 **Notes From the Blue Coast** by Anthony Burgess *The art of the unconscious*

Issues

20 **Schoolyard Blues: The Decline of Public Education** by Fred M. Hechinger *The public schools once represented our shared vision of the future; today they are unloved, unpaid for, and often unattended*

A Special Section: Overregulation?

24 **Arsenic and Old Factories** by Roger M. Williams *Federal regulators have come down hard on the Tacoma copper smelter, whose owners consider the standards prohibitively expensive. How are pollution and profitability to be balanced?*
31 **Is Government Regulation Crippling Business?** by Robert Crandall *The author, a Brookings economist, notes that the real problem with regulation may be the method: With little accountability, officials set standards recklessly and expensively*
39 **The Experts Polled** *Ten major public figures, from Ralph Nader to Jack Kemp, explain their views on regulation*

Pleasures

42 **Lookouts**
44 **The Author and His Image** by J. P. Donleavy *As it glows, or glowers, waxes briefly, and wanes again*
48 **Photography** by Owen Edwards *Lartigue, recorder of life*
52 **Television** by Karl E. Meyer *Rootless mini-series*
54 **Music to My Ears** by Irving Kolodin *De los Angeles's first stage Carmen*
57 **Theater** by Martin Gottfried *Of mice and masters*
58 **Travel** by Horace Sutton *The Bayside hillbillies*
60 **Books** *Derwent May on the long and occasionally happy life of E.M. Forster; Ross Feld finds that Wilfrid Sheed knows all the moves*
63 **Books in Brief**
66 **Trade Winds** by Walter Arnold *America's reading*

72 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker *Cooking our own goose*
70 **Wit Twister No. 134** **70 Literary Crypt No. 123**
71 **Double-Crostic No. 163**
Cover by Paul Giona
Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, Don Dougherty, James I. Giddings, William Haefeli, Joseph Kohl

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Financial Competition

The American economic system is based on the premise that the public benefits from free competition and suffers from its absence. That is why we have antitrust laws. As the Supreme Court has said:

The Sherman Act was designed to be a comprehensive charter of economic liberty aimed at preserving free and unfettered competition as a rule of trade. It rests on the premise that the unrestrained interaction of competitive forces will yield the best allocation of our economic resources, the lowest prices, the highest quality and the greatest material progress, while at the same time providing an environment conducive to the preservation of our democratic political and social institutions.

The principle and the commitment seem clear. Equally clear, however, is the fact that scarcely a vestige of either the principle itself or the government's commitment is to be found at work in today's financial marketplace. On the contrary, if our entire regulatory structure had been designed for the sole purpose of suppressing competition, it could hardly have been more successful.

This is especially true of the preponderance of present laws and regulations concerning financial transactions.

Competition does, in fact, occur in the financial marketplace, but its extent and intensity are inversely proportional to the amount of government intervention; that is to say, those parts of the marketplace where the government's hand appears most often are precisely the areas in which we find the least competition.

Banking regulations have been based historically on the premise that protecting the depositor's money requires—and justifies—shielding the bank from too much competition, and that in return for charters granting them a near-monopoly on money and credit, banks might reasonably be required to forego many commercial activities. It is now clear, however, that no such monopoly exists—if indeed, it ever did—and that regulations designed to shelter individual institutions have the long-range effect of handicapping the entire industry. Financial markets have been invaded in a major way by competitors from many other sectors of the economy. (Like most other developments in the present era, this invasion is occurring with unprecedented velocity.)

Commercial banking's share of the financial assets owned by financial institutions in the United States has dwindled from more than 57% in 1946 to less than 40% today. This is only part of the story, however, since it represents only changes in the market share within the traditional financial services industry. Equally significant are the activities of enterprises operating in the financial marketplace from bases entirely outside the financial industry.

Companies whose primary business lies outside the financial marketplace are able to generate assets and organizations in relatively unregulated environments. These assets and organizational abilities can then be brought into the financial marketplace, where they are used with growing success to compete against institutions like commercial banks, which are legally barred from engaging in any other "non-bank-related" activity. This is a one-sided contest that can only produce a steady erosion of the entire banking industry.

In early 1978, for example, two of the largest chains of retail stores in the United States had installment accounts receivable equal to more than one-twelfth of the total

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consumer installment loans of all American banks combined. Five companies alone accounted for more than one-tenth of all consumer installment credit in the country.

Several such companies have established strong positions in the insurance industry. Altogether, the finance-related profits accruing to these "nonfinancial" companies are large. None of America's more than 14,000 commercial banks, for example, equaled the 1977 *financial* earnings of the largest chain of retail stores; only three equaled or surpassed General Motors Acceptance Corp., and only eight rivaled Ford Credit Corp.

While the banks—and, indeed, all the traditional depository institutions—face mounting competition in the financial market from nonfinancial companies, they are also confronted with the fact that many companies are now bypassing the traditional market altogether. One of the most significant trends of the past 10 years has been the tendency of nonfinancial companies to bypass the banking system by writing IOUs to one another in the form of commercial paper. Since 1965, when short-term lending by one corporation to another was less than $1 billion, this business has soared to between $10 billion and $12 billion today, cutting out the banks along the way. When commercial paper held by such entities as insurance companies, money-market funds and foreign investors is included, the total rises to about $16 billion.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the traditional symbol of world capitalism, the commercial bank, in the United States has become one of the institutions least able to respond to a competitive, free enterprise environment. For the present competition in financial-service markets is not an equal contest.

As a public policy concern, however, the really significant question is not merely the adverse effects of the present regulatory situation on American financial institutions, but on the American public.

The consumer of financial services in the United States actually has no way of knowing whether his needs are being met in the manner most suited to his convenience and at the minimum possible cost, because artificial constraints and barriers in the financial marketplace have systematically barred free competition among both his suppliers of credit and the users of his money.

What the consumer does know is that credit seems to be most readily obtainable and convenient to use in the sector of the marketplace that suffers the least regulation. And the suspicion arises that services might improve still further, and cost less, if this sector of the market were not shielded from the competition of the more regulated sector, and vice versa. It is the individual's savings that are the original and, in fact, the sole source of capital, and it is the individual citizen from whom government derives whatever authority it possesses to regulate the use of that capital. If the Supreme Court was right in its assessment of how the economic interests of the citizen can best be preserved, then our present regulatory system is clearly not accomplishing its purpose.

* * *

Note: These remarks are excerpted from Financial Competition and the Public Interest, a new Citibank study of current trends in the financial marketplace. Copies may be obtained from the Distribution Section, Public Affairs Department, 18th floor, zone 02, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.

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Charitable Deductions

Saturday Review's cover story ["Cornering the Goodness Market: Uncharitable Doings at United Way," October 28] does a disservice to the entire voluntary sector and to the concept of free associations to help others, which for 200 years has characterized the best spirit of America.

Chernow's piece is filled with inaccuracies and half-truths and we feel readers should know the following:

- The term "monopoly" does not apply to United Ways any more than it does to other institutions in the community's hands, such as schools or churches.
- Allegations of "middle-class bias" are unfounded and unfair. United Way is a collective effort in the hands of volunteers in all communities. No comparable system has yet been devised for balancing the priority needs of the poor and middle class while guaranteeing accountability and efficiency to both the donor and the recipient.
- Charges in the article of racial discrimination come from two executives of the National Black United Fund, an organization which seeks to serve the needs of blacks but which unfortunately has chosen to do so through conflict rather than cooperation. Not a single NBUF chapter has ever applied for United Way support, despite approaches by local United Ways.

John W. Hanley
Chairman
Board of Governors
United Way of America
Alexandria, Virginia

Three cheers for the United Way. Ron Chernow's article served to strengthen my support for them. I have been a fair-share contributor since the beginning of time, and the day United Way includes "Butcher Houses for Unborn Babies" is the day I withdraw my support.

Amy Styer
Richmond, California

Ron Chernow's article was extremely interesting and provocative. However, it unfairly and unnecessarily paints a negative picture of the United Way and the agencies it supports.

The United Way isn't perfect—but what institution is? We must continue our efforts to improve the system, raise more money, involve broader issues and concerns, and increase the level of participation of nonwhites. To that end I applaud the article. We won't achieve that end by casting aspersions on the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, or the United Way.

Walter L. Smart
Executive Director
National Federation of Settlements and Neighborhood Centers
New York, New York

Ron Chernow replies: I don't think the individualism espoused by Mr. Hanley is enhanced by a billion-dollar bureaucratic colossus like the United Way. The diversity of U.S. schools and churches alluded to by Mr. Hanley only highlights the singular monolithic nature of his own organization. As for the United Way's middle-class orientation, Mr. Hanley inadvertently confirms my point. Why should a charity have to balance the needs of the poor *and* the middle class? I think the poor alone would quite suffice. I also find it strange to fault the National Black United Fund for rejecting United Way largesse when their whole raison d'être is self-reliance for blacks. Ms. Styer points up a phenomenon I mentioned in the piece: the veto power exercised by the zealous donor in large federated campaigns. I applaud Mr. Smart for his sane and balanced criticism, but would remind him that not all United Way agencies are as intimately involved with the problems of the slums as his own settlement houses.

In Praise of African Art

Vicki Goldberg's article ["Nubia's African-Egyptian-Western Art," October 28] was very well written and informative. I entirely agree that Nubian art is a sad reproduction of Egyptian art. However, I don't think that Westerners look upon African culture with prejudice. African culture is powerful and interesting. The exaggeration of certain parts of the human body in sculptures and figurines was done purposely to emphasize their beauty—they were not done this way simply because the artists had no talent.

Barbara L. Wells
Grafton, Wisconsin

Fisticups

The first two paragraphs of Jonathan Evan Maslow's article ["Can the U.S.

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Play Soccer With the Big Boys?" October 28] are a classic example of biased reporting at its worst.

According to all reports, the score in the Argentina-Peru match was a fair reflection of the contest. With its superb, imaginative playing (after all it won the tournament), the local team overwhelmed the Peruvians. And you can be sure that if the goalie had wanted to play foul, he would have been promptly dismissed and replaced with a substitute. Maslow's stance doesn't hold a droplet of water.

Axel Hornos
Pittsford, New York

Correction

In "Shareholder Power: Kicking the Corporate Shins" [SR, November 11], James Traub stated that shareholder activist Evelyn Y. Davis had told an ITT annual meeting that women should be excluded from that company's board because of jealousy over her "close personal relationship" with chairman Harold Geneen. Mrs. Davis informs us that she never claimed such intimacy, and the jealousy would be induced by her "fame and glamour."

ANSWERS TO JANUARY 6 PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 133 (page 7)
ancients, canniest, instance

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 122 (page 7)
Just as those who practice the same profession recognize each other instinctively, so do those who practice the same vice. —Proust

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 162 (page 63)

JOHN TERRAINE: THE GREAT WAR (1914-1918)
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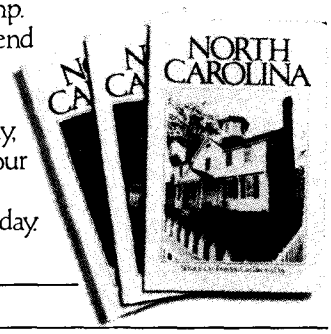

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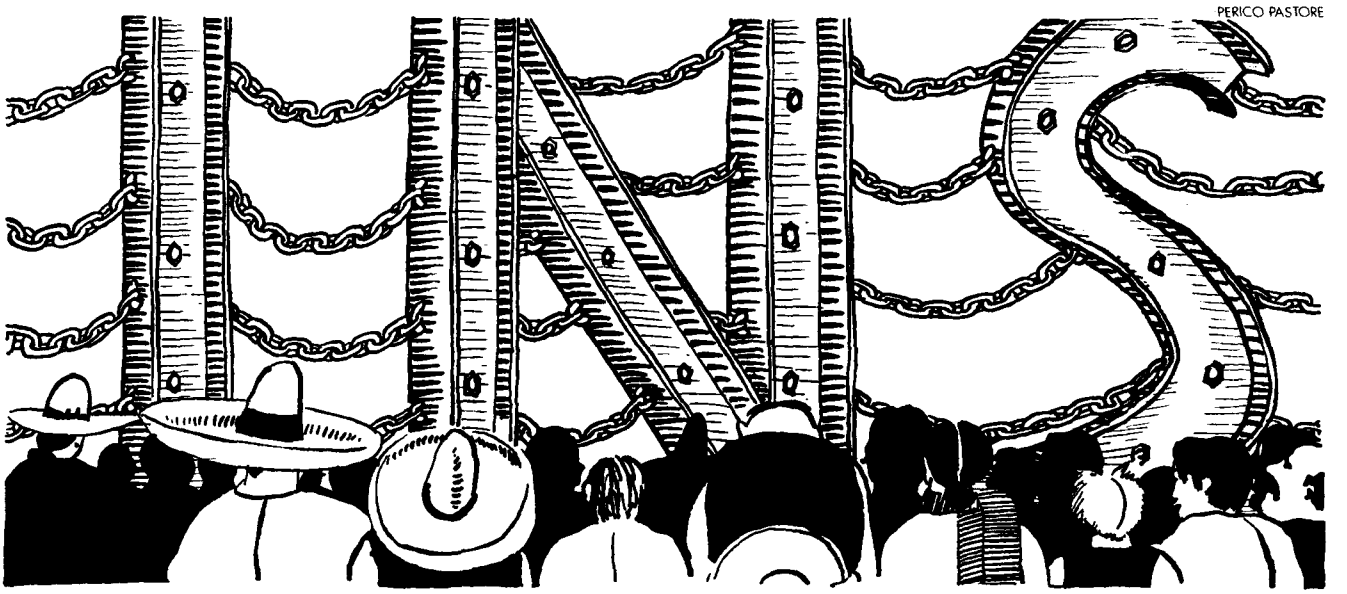
Better Fences Than Neighbors

The Tortilla Curtain may not be as imposing as the Berlin Wall, but it's the best we've got. By the time you read this, the merry rhythm of hammers should be echoing through El Paso, Texas, as workers knock chain-link fencing into pressed steel, and steel into concrete, along a six-mile swath between Uncle Sam and his least favored neighbor.

The 10-foot barrier, commissioned by the district office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service as part of a stepped-up campaign to keep Mexicans in Mexico, has not enjoyed an enthusiastic reception. Within days after the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* revealed, last October, that the fence was to be built, Mexican papers screamed "Carter Hates Us" in banner headlines, while radio and television peppered the nation with the story.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, INS Commissioner Leonel Castillo, perhaps mindful of our new friendship with a nation sitting on top of what may be the world's largest supply of oil, tried to smooth the ruffled feathers. Castillo ordered the construction company, Anchor Post Fence, to dull the edges of the actual material, pressed steel, which Anchor had guaranteed to "leave a couple of toes behind." But he also gave the go-ahead to the project.

Although construction has been delayed until Anchor softens its steel, the wall should take only six months to finish. Having thus kept poachers, children, and mothers—"the garbage," as local INS director Charles Perez puts it—from stepping into El Paso for a day's jaunt, immigration officials will be free to use their helicopters and electronic sensing equipment to stem the immense tide of Mexicans trying to escape poverty and unemployment.



Inflationary Leap

The Carter administration's first anti-inflation forum, held in St. Louis, produced the kind of practical advice that businessmen have been demanding. As reported in the *Wall Street Journal* (November 3), the perplexed owner of a building-materials firm asked inflation-warrior Robert Strauss how to apply the new price guidelines to his 20,000 items.

Said Strauss, "If I had your problem, I'd jump out the window."

Mickey Takes the Orient Express

Nothing American seems quite so difficult to imagine outside American soil as Disneyland—a place as freakish, as unprecedented, and as charming and childish in its infatuation with technology as the country it adorns. One would think that nobody could duplicate Disneyland, or would want to—except, of course, those demons of imitation, the Japanese. According to *The Economist* (October 28), Japanese entertainment and construction firms plan to pour $350 million, starting early this year, into one of the world's most remunerative fantasies.

The idea of a Tokyo Disneyland, shelved during the energy crisis, has been resurrected by the Mitsui Real Estate Development Company. Mitsui has retained the electronics wizard Matsushita to design this immense confection out of magic, mystery, and molded plastic; the final form is expected to put the American original distinctly in the shade (as is the Japanese fashion). Doors are scheduled to open in early 1982.

Meanwhile, rumors of a Japanese excavation site bearing a striking resemblance to the Grand Canyon have been strenuously denied.

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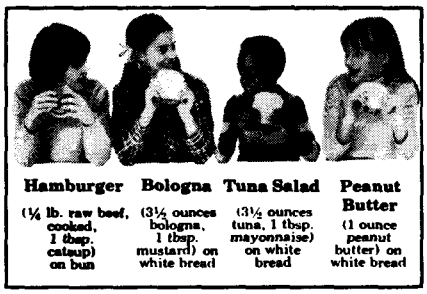
Consumer Reports thinks you should know:

How good is the bologna in that sandwich?

Of the 35 brands and varieties of bologna tested by *Consumer Reports* for quality, *nine* were rated Poor or Very Poor for taste. The samples, bought in food stores, were either rancid or showed beginning signs of rancidity.

The start of rancidity can often be detected by a perfume-like scent. So the sweet smell of your bologna may be trying to tell you something.

How does the bologna sandwich compare with the others?



Hamburger	Bologna	Tuna Salad	Peanut Butter
(¼ lb. raw beef, cooked, 1 tbsp. catsup) on bun	(3½ ounces bologna, 1 tbsp. mustard) on white bread	(3½ ounces tuna, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise) on white bread	(1 ounce peanut butter) on white bread

The bologna sandwich earned our lowest vote of confidence.

Consumer Reports explored this in detail in its article "How Good is the Bologna in that Sandwich?"

Here's how bologna stacked up against the other three sandwich foods... (1) Highest in cost-per-ounce of protein (2) Highest in fats and calories. The bologna sandwich, in fact, was over *four times as expensive as the cheapest* sandwich—peanut butter—at the prices *prevailing when we made our test.* What's more, bologna contains a potentially harmful additive called sodium nitrite.

Consumer Reports gives you the facts behind the "baloney".

Today's supermarket is no place to be on your own.

Without help, it's hard to know about subtle product differences that can cheat your family of nutrients and maybe even cost you more in the bargain.

That's why *Consumer Reports* rates food and household products by testing standards just as rigorous as those we use for automobiles and expensive appliances. We are equally rigorous with our research into services, such as banking, insurance and much more.

Consumer Reports is the nonprofit, reader-supported magazine of Consumers Union—the nation's leading independent organization for testing and rating consumer products and services.

We don't accept advertising from anyone.

We buy what we test at retail stores just as you do. And we never accept "free samples" from manufacturers.

Five facts our readers learned that you could have used:

1. Shake 'n Bake Barbecue Chicken Coating is 50.9% sugar—more than five times the percentage of sugar found in Coca-Cola.

2. Hitachi, MGA and Sony proved the most reliable 19″ color TV sets in a survey of our readers. The least reliable? Magnavox.

3. A Dodge Aspen or a Plymouth Volare is *not* a good candidate in the used-car market. The '76 and '77 models had much worse than average Frequency-of-Repair records.

4. Two banks can advertise the same interest rate for your savings account. But one pays only $44.93 for the same period for which the other pays $75.30. It's how they *calculate* your interest that counts.

5. Yogurt costs 26¢ to 42¢ for an eight-ounce container, but for the nutritional benefits it provides, yogurt is a very expensive glass of milk.

A lot of companies may not like what we have to say.

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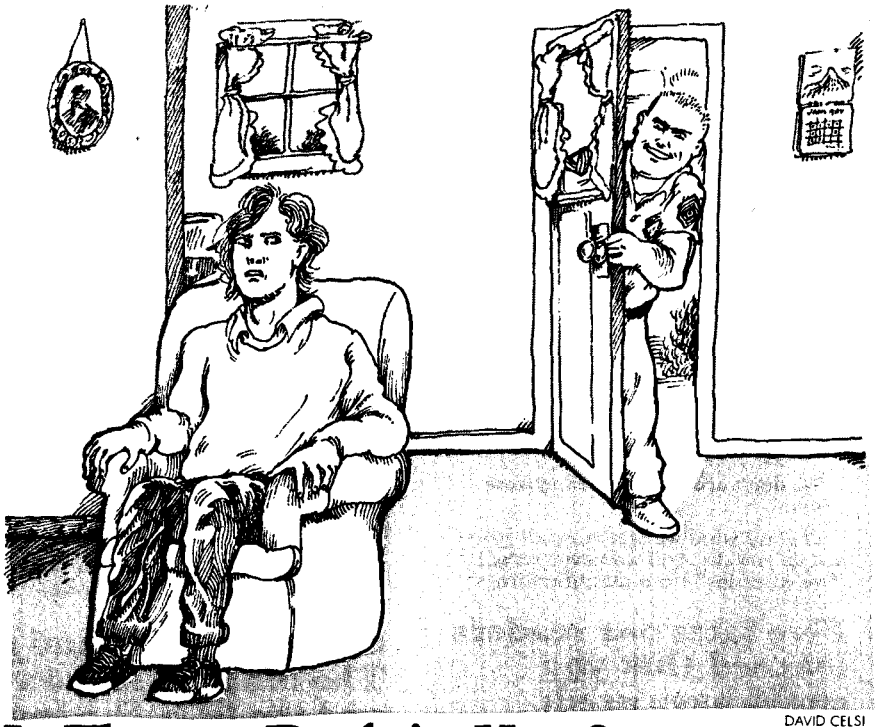

DAVID CELSI

Is There a Draft in Here?

A return to that old military favorite, conscription, would seem about as likely as another round of Prohibition; but the idea may be gaining in favor among the Joint Chiefs and in the now-moribund Selective Service System.

The Friends Peace Committee, an arm of the Quakers, first sounded the tocsin when the Selective Service denied them access to studies with such provocative titles as the *National Registration Plan*. The Friends, who are litigating for permission to see the documents, also point out that the Pentagon's new projections for a European war call for more draftees than the Service can presently handle.

Although Selective Service considers itself barely alive—"We are in what is euphemistically called a deep standby posture," comments an official—suspicions have been further aroused by the comments of General David Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. General Jones has recommended to Secretary of Defense Harold Brown that a general registration of 18-year-olds, suspended by President Ford in March of 1975, be restored. The advantage of this tactic is that it requires nothing more than a presidential recommendation.

But an actual restoration of the draft would require Congressional approval; and, as one expert notes, "everyone from Goldwater to McGovern opposes the draft." Still, a registration program could be embroidered, without undue public uproar, into some resemblance of conscription. The Defense Department, for example, is now considering a so-called "minimally coercive national service obligation." It's not wholly implausible, as the Friends note, for the draft to "get back in through the back door."

The Bees Are Coming

Killer bees have been slandered. You've heard about them, of course, those marauding swarms brought from Africa to South America, accidentally released, and now buzzing northward with the terrible inevitability of locusts. All that is true. The false part is the word "killer." As the Agriculture Department (USDA) insists, "the sting of an Africanized bee *is no more venomous than that of our domestic bees....*"

Who, then, has perpetrated this malicious campaign? Beekeepers, that's who. The Third World bees are potential insurrectionaries in the authoritarian world of the apiary. Unlike the repressed European bee, the so-called Africanized species tends to "abscond," that is, they take off on one-way flights as long as 50 miles. American beekeepers, as the USDA notes, don't want these free spirits mixing with our well-behaved homebodies, since absconsion "would be highly disruptive to our beekeeping system and disturb the vital pollination of U.S. crops."

Is it any wonder, then, that interested parties have started this whisper campaign to keep Africanized bees out of the country? Will we soon hear talk of "shirker bees" or "disloyal bees"? And lest this seem mere chatter, the Agriculture Department reports that "port inspectors check incoming aircraft, ships, and vehicles to prevent Africanized bees from accidentally or illegally [that is, intentionally] entering this country."

DAVID CELSI

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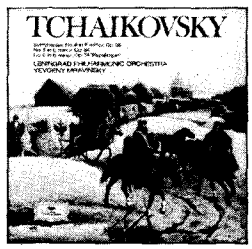

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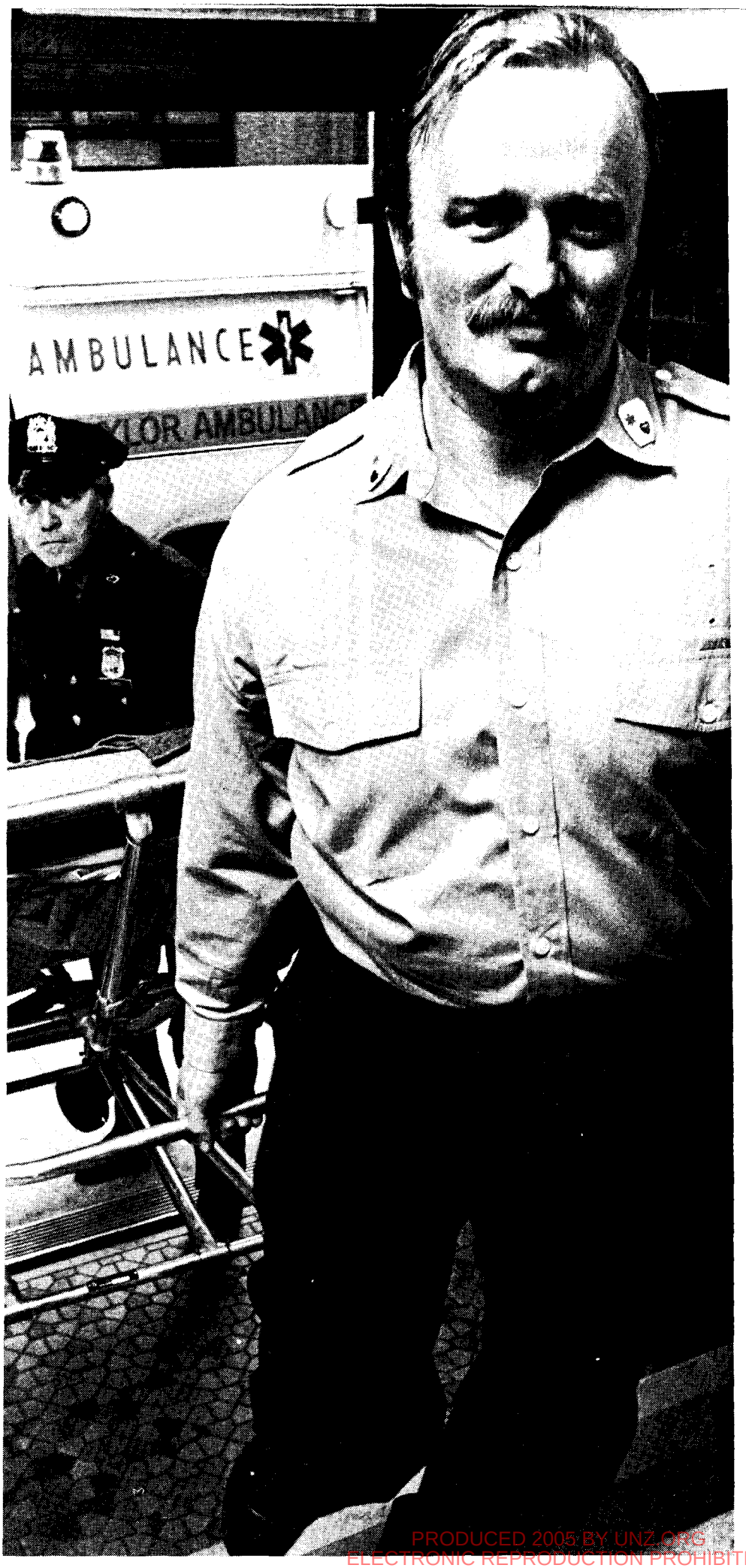

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EDITORIAL

Getting Serious About Inflation

ALMOST THREE months ago, President Jimmy Carter proposed his plan to fight inflation. Since that time, the main question that has been debated is whether labor and business can be persuaded to carry out a voluntary program to hold the line on wages and prices.

Obviously, anything that checks inflation is all to the good. To this extent, Jimmy Carter's program should be promptly accepted and implemented for whatever it is worth.

The trouble with the present debate, however, is that it tends to bypass the fact that spiraling prices are a manifestation, and not the cause, of inflation. The underlying cause of inflation is government itself. The government has been cheapening the dollar by printing money in order to pay its debts. It has also been inflating the currency by spending billions of dollars on nonconsumer goods.

The main threat to the safety of the national economy comes from a long-existing and fast-rising national debt that makes the government the principal beneficiary of a cheap dollar. This is the way nations have always met their long-term deficits.

It is not correct to say, therefore, that no one wins with inflation. Governments are winners when they meet their debts with inflated currency. Life insurance companies are also winners, since they pay off with money worth a great deal less than the money they receive in premiums.

It may be within our power to keep the problem from getting out of hand altogether, but so long as government itself serves as the powerful pump behind inflation, there is no way of preventing the erosion, slow or fast, of the value of our currency. Whether we like it or not, we are going to have to live with a basic inflationary situation for years to come.

If government spending is a major factor, can the present national budget be cut enough to make a difference? It can. Military spending alone represents a major inflationary force. The most important truth the American people need to be told today is that there is no connection between maximum military spending and maximum national security. If you want to build a house that would be secure against the elements, you would certainly want to have a solid roof. But beyond a certain point, the thickness of that roof would not provide additional protection and would actually put an intolerable strain on the supporting structure. The same is true of the size of the military budget. There is only so much military hardware we can accumulate before it ceases to have additional security value and becomes an intolerable strain on the national economy.

The American people today are carrying the burden of at least 50 times more destructive power than is required to demolish any combination of military targets. We have enough nuclear megatonnage to expunge every major city in the world, including our own. And yet every day, 7 to 10 more nuclear bombs are added to our stockpiles.

The problem behind military spending is not nuclear obsolescence but moral obsolescence.

Why?

It may be argued that the new models of our nuclear and thermonuclear bombs are more destructive and efficient than the earlier ones. Are we forgetting that those "early" models contained more explosive power than could be carried by an armada of 1,000 bombing planes with the most powerful TNT bombs ever devised? How much damage do we want to do to a city after it has been totally destroyed? Why is it necessary to produce a radioactive hurricane after we have created a holocaust? How do we go about "refining" or "sophisticating" a bomb that can devastate 2,500 square miles?

The problem is not nuclear obsolescence but moral obsolescence. The spending of military money has become an end in itself. We have allowed ourselves to believe that having a bigger military budget than the Russians is proof of our national strength and purpose—regardless of the fact that a large portion of our money is being spent on maintaining three separate military establishments with colossal overlapping of authority, functions, and equipment; regardless of overseas military bases that no longer serve a genuine security function; regardless of the high ratio of bureaucratic personnel and high-ranking officers to enlisted men; regardless of the production of war planes and warships that make little sense in the context of modern war technology; and regardless of the fallacious nature of the comparison with the Soviet military, which provides for a vast military presence on the USSR's common border with China.

It is doubtful whether any money grab in history can begin to compare with the continuing assault on the United States Treasury by all those who benefit from inflated military budgets. The price to be paid is severe. Our security is weakened, not strengthened, when our overkill capacity uses up valuable resources and manpower in surplus deployment, storage, and management.

The heart of the problem is that there is no real constituency in the country today for sensible military spending. So many of us have our hands in the military till that there is no incentive to apply the brakes. Even Congressmen and Senators with otherwise enlightened voting records don't dare to say "no" to military waste because they know they would be voted out of office by all those who benefit from military dollars.

The bonanza so readily at hand blinds us to the fact that we are damaging the economy on which we all depend—and to the even starker fact that we are bequeathing a potentially bankrupt nation to our children.

Whether Jimmy Carter can succeed in mounting a genuine anti-inflationary program will rest on his ability to stand up not just to the military but to the labor unions and industry and all those who have a stake in high defense production. The President must find some way to persuade the American people of the mutually suicidal nature of the new warfare. The people need to be told that they must look to the control of force, rather than to the pursuit of force, if they truly are concerned about the safety of the nation and of the world itself.

In the process, Jimmy Carter may make himself expendable, but he would at long last liberate the nation from the delusion that it can squander its wealth and resources and still have something worth passing along to the next generation other than debts, a worthless economy, and a vulnerability to the first haphazard political system that comes along. —N.C.

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The money spent complying with government regulations can't bring you more energy.

For a group whose primary function is to search for oil, the oil industry spends a lot of unnecessary time and money complying with government regulations.

According to the American Petroleum Institute, one oil company had 115 technical people tied up full time preparing reports for the Federal Government. Another company had to make out a special report that ran 475,000 pages.

We realize a certain amount of regulation is necessary. But much of the time and money spent on memos and reports could be put to better use.

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

How the Other Half Talks

by Thomas H. Middleton

THE OCTOBER 28, 1978 issue of *SR* included a piece called "Let's Cut the Poortalk," by David Myers and Thomas Ludwig. You may remember that they observed that millions of us who are by any reasonable standard very affluent have an unfortunate way of complaining about our poverty. At almost every level of wealth, the authors point out, people find adequate justification for bemoaning their low standard of living.

Myers and Ludwig attributed this phenomenon to what they call the adaptation-level principle. I gather that the adaptation-level principle might be embodied in the man who 10 years ago had a black-and-white television set and thought of color TV as a luxury, and a quite unnecessary one at that, but who today owns two or three color sets and would consider himself culturally deprived without them. So, as the authors observe, we can never establish heaven on earth, since our attainments will be unable to keep pace with our aspirations.

When I first saw Myers and Ludwig's word *poortalk*, I thought, Why not *poor-mouth*, which is already in the dictionary? Why coin a new word? Then I realized that there is an important difference between the two.

To illustrate, there's an old maxim—or if there isn't, there should be—that says, "If you want to corrupt a man, first make him rich." This maxim is useless to those of us unable to make ourselves rich, let alone enrich someone we'd like to corrupt. But for a piratical Captain of Industry, Film Mogul, or other potentate—a Daddy Warbucks, for example—it's a good rule of thumb. Offering to make a man rich if he will compromise his principles might or might not work, depending largely upon the man's character; but take the same man and, without tempting him to betray himself, make him rich. Give him a couple of years to become accustomed to his house, his swimming pool, his tennis court, his Mercedes-Benz, and his golf club membership; then threaten to cut off the source of all the goodies. It will be as though you were threatening his very life. His dreary old principles will suddenly seem insignificant, and he will see things from a new angle, very close to that of Daddy Warbucks.

Daddy Warbucks's beneficiary-victim, providing a hyperbolic embodiment of the adaptation-level principle, will use poortalk in speaking of the great difficulty he has in maintaining what he has quickly learned to appreciate as his normal standard of living. The fact is that almost all of us, in less dramatic circumstances, indulge in poortalk. Poor-mouth, it seems to me, is subtly different.

Webster's New International, Second College Edition, defines *poor-mouth* as a verb meaning "to complain about one's lack of money; plead poverty." WNI III, which doesn't hyphenate *poor mouth*, calls it a noun and says, "a profession or protestation of poverty—often used with *make*." Then WNI III points up what I think is the essential difference between *poortalk* and poor *mouth*. The example they give is, "when you ask him for a donation, he makes a *poor mouth*."

In my experience *poor-mouth* has been both noun and verb and at times has been used to refer to one who makes poor-mouth. The poor-mouth is a special breed. He is usually lavish in supplying himself, but unable to give a contribution. We all know a few poor-mouths, I'm sure. They complain about having a rough time making ends meet because business has been terrible and the expense of putting little Ronnie and Ginnie through prep school is outrageous. At the same time, they explain their purchase of a new Rolls Royce by saying that they just couldn't resist it, and God knows how they'll ever pay for it. And their new $2,000 stereo is absolutely bankrupting them, but it does put you right in the concert hall. When you go out to dinner with them, it's, "Martha and I are watching every penny these days, so let's see. You had shrimp cocktails and we had soupe du jour. I guess we can split the wine, even though Martha only had half a glass...."

I think of poor-mouth as the habit of people who surround themselves with luxuries, but, when it comes to sharing, be it charity or splitting the check, there's just nothing left.

Poortalk, on the other hand, comes naturally to everyone but saints and con artists. ◉

"I'm pretty sure what the problem is, but someone seems to have borrowed my copy of Fat."

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He sacrificed his sanity and his life to see and to paint as no one ever had before

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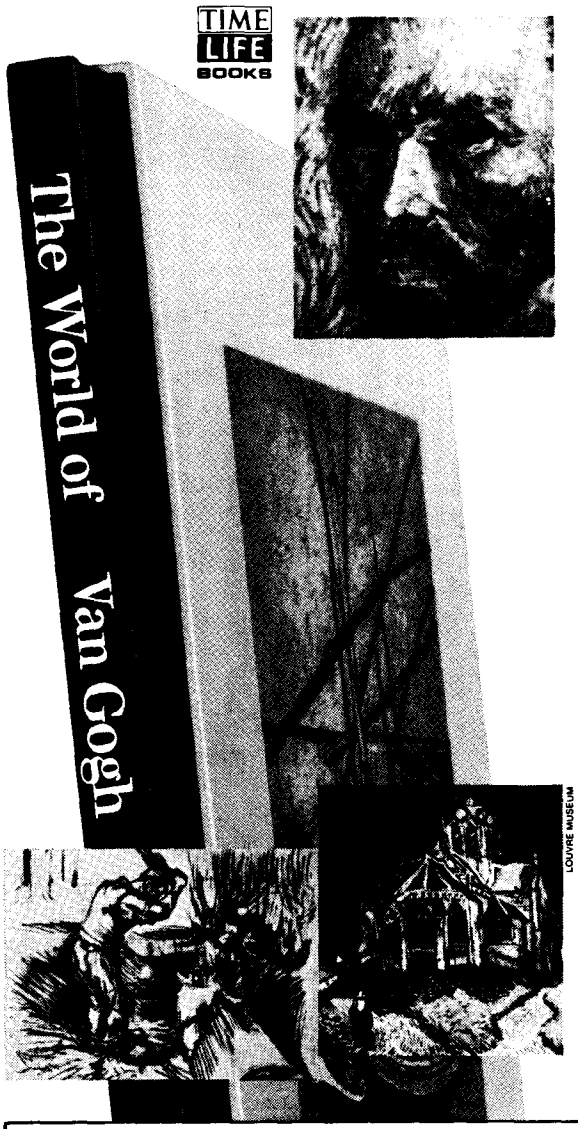

HE TRIED to express his feeling for man and nature by becoming a minister, but his fervor alarmed his superiors. He fell in love with two women of his own class and they fled from him as from a dangerous lunatic. The famous incident in which he cut off part of his ear and gave it to a prostitute was only one more attempt to give something of himself to anyone who would accept it.

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

The Art of the Unconscious

by Anthony Burgess

I RUSH at dawn to the typewriter to memorialize a dream from which I have just awoken. In this dream I was in a university classroom, facing about 15 students of English literature. These students were delineated with exceptional sharpness—a rather puddingy blonde girl from Minneapolis, a red-haired man with acne, a Greek poet with the impossible name of Anastomosis who showed me a volume of his verse (in Greek but transliterated into our alphabet), others, all solid, morning light full on them from the casement to my right.

The lecture I was giving dealt with John Ruskin. I wrote his dates on the blackboard: 1819-1901. I have just checked these dates and find I was a year off on his death, which took place in 1900. I then showed a blown-up portrait of him. This was the one (appearing as a frontispiece in Mary Lutyens's book *Millais and the Ruskins*) that shows him standing on volcanic rock in front of a waterfall at Glenfinlas. It was, I told the class, painted by J.E. Millais (which it was) in 1871 (which it wasn't; it was 1853-54). So far so good—I have heard worse errors made in waking lectures.

And then I solemnly announced that Ruskin's great tragedy was that he turned into an elephant. Amusement from the class, which assumed I meant this figuratively. Mr. Anastomosis said, in Greek: *"Metaphora?"* No no, I said, shocked: a *real* elephant. And then I attempted, on the blackboard, a careful drawing of the elephant that Ruskin became, long ears, trunk, everything. Just 53 minutes ago this dream ended on the incredulous laughter of the class and I awoke.

What does my mind think it is playing at? Why this elaborate composition of place and personages in order that I should assert with such urgency that Ruskin was an elephant? It is years since I even thought about Ruskin. I bear no animosity toward him. He was far from being pachydermatous in his thought or sensibility. He taught nothing but beauty. But his marriage was, as we know, a mess. He had seen thousands of nudes in stone and paint, but he had not realized, until he saw his bride undressed, that women had pubic hair. The shock unmanned him. The marriage was dissolved, and the still unravished bride Effie became Mrs. Millais, to most people's satisfaction.

Was the dream based on weak puns? As a child I babbled of effelunts. That sickening kid's metathesis may even be found, some readers will claim, in the emetic Mr. Milne's Winnie the Pooh books. Effie. Effelunt. Rusk. Tusk. Perhaps Mr. Anastomosis of the dream (in white open-necked shirt, spectacles, clean-shaven, balding, with Oliver Goldsmith's chin) was there to utter, if the dream were permitted to last, the magic work *paronomasia* ("pun," to us) which would explain, partially, what was going on. But dreams don't explain themselves. Nor would an explanation of the structure and plot of the dream help me understand why I dreamed it.

Does Freud help? Does Jung? Weiss? Otto Rank? Melanie Klein? There has, presumably, to be a very powerful motivation behind the setting up of a fictitious American university, complete with students. If that dream had started with my walking down the corridor toward my classroom, I would without doubt have seen posters and notice boards advertising a film called *Parquet Circle*, the willingness of two sisters called Parsley and Tansy Fern to take people to Hamburg, at a price, in their Fusiform, powered by petroselinum. A student would have stopped me to ask about a character called Parsnip Chervil in a novel by Hardy called *A Zoroastrian Parsifal*. The fantasizing capacities of the dreaming mind know no limit. But what it is fantasizing about I do not know. Nor did Freud or any of the rest of the oneiromancers (word by courtesy of Mr. Anastomosis, whose poems were in quatrains and italic script).

I have no difficulty at all in interpreting my Ruskin dream sexually, while knowing that the sexual element is mere sugar icing. There is Effie's pubic hair which, in accordance with the error my typing fingers sometimes commit, is made public. The elephant's trunk is a penis and the ears and tusks alike are testiform. Good, there we have a pair of sexual apparatuses, but where do I go from here? Is Effie my mother (whose name was Elizabeth) and Ruskin the father I want to turn into a beast, the more easily to kill him? Nonsense. Was the dream urinogenital and the shock of the nonsense designed to get me out of bed in order to relieve myself? Again nonsense. I have finished this article 92 minutes after starting it and am still indifferent as to whether I urinate or not. We shall never understand dreams until we begin to understand art. Or is that perhaps what the dream means? ◉

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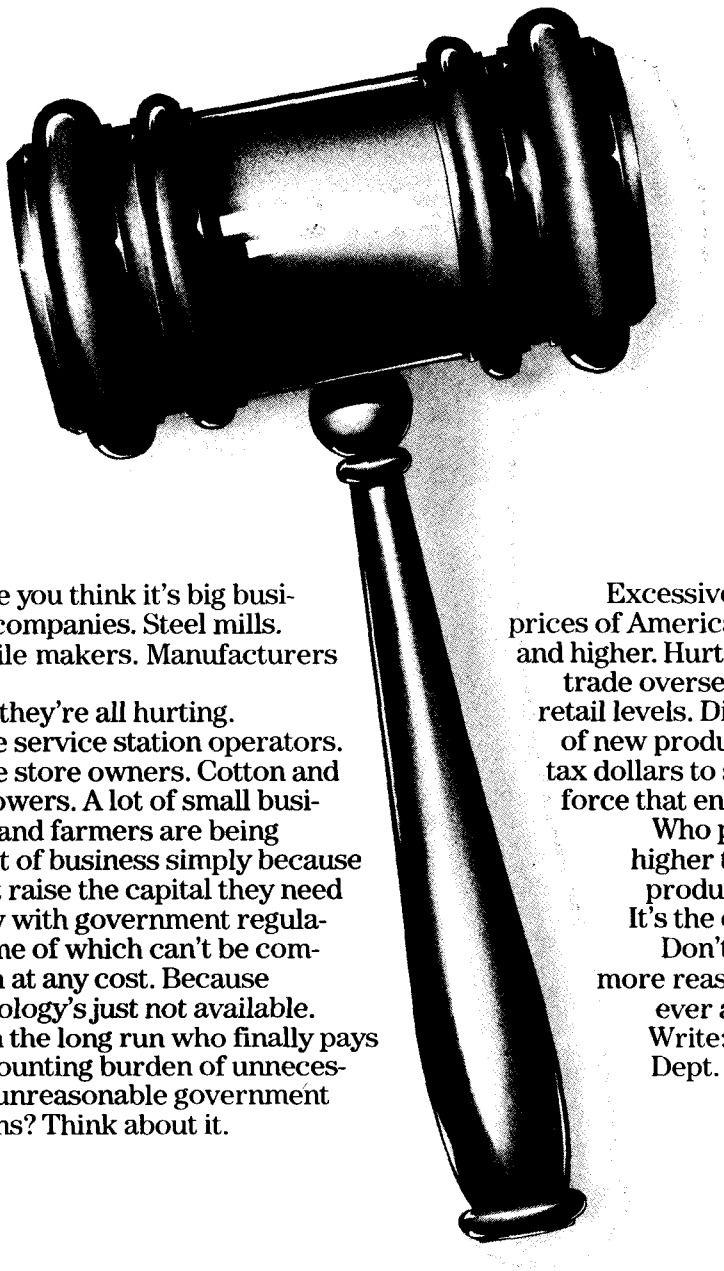

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SCHOOLYARD BLUES
THE DECLINE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION

by Fred M. Hechinger

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES is in mortal danger. Violent economic, social, and even pedagogical tremors have shaken its foundations, and no signs of a determined rescue operation have appeared. Not within recent memory have the public schools had so few friends or so many detractors. The liberal establishment that has traditionally shouldered much of the responsibility for both defending and reforming the public schools is in retreat; to save its skin it has increasingly assumed the protective coloration of neo-conservatism. One need look no further than California Governor Jerry Brown's belated adoption of Proposition 13 for an example of this turnabout.

There is more to the threat to public education than just the taxpayers' revolt, but Proposition 13 must not be discounted as a powerful symbol and symptom of the dangers ahead. The cost of public service *has* risen sharply; and while the same may be said of the private sector, there one may reduce or eliminate costs simply by buying less.

Antitax crusader Howard Jarvis insists that the cure for our economic ills is reduced public spending. If this is to become public policy—and the recent victory of tax-cutting referendums nationwide indicates that it will—then there is certain to be a mad scramble for the reduced number of dollars available. In that scramble, the public schools are bound to lose.

To understand why, remember New York City's recent flirtation with bankruptcy. President Ford went on national television to explain what would happen in case of default. The federal government, he said, would insure the continuation of "essential services"—police, fire protection, garbage collection. Education did not appear on the "essential" list, thus implying its inclusion on the "endangered" one.

It is safe to assume that a community hit by Proposition 13-type slashes in public funds (without California's massive surplus) will demand maintenance of "essential" services. Members of those services—the policemen, firemen, and sanitation workers in the forefront—will ballyhoo the threats of crime, conflagration, and epidemics to retain the old-size slices of the shrunken pie. The schools, meanwhile, will be hit hard by the cutbacks.

This prospect raises a number of questions. Why, first of all, must education have less public support than other social services? Why do the schools seem less essential than the garbage pickup? Why is less money for public safety regarded as the equivalent of less public safety, whereas less money for schools is not viewed as less learning?

The cost of public schooling has shot up 150 percent in the past decade (40 percent in real dollars). Meanwhile, achievements have been declining, as documented by a steady drop in the college-admissions test scores. An estimated 13 percent of all high-school graduates are functional illiterates. The absentee rate in many high schools makes a mockery of the claim that education is either universal or compulsory. Textbook publishers are revising their high-school texts to the sixth-grade level of comprehension. More than $80 billion is spent annually to pay for public elementary and secondary education, but the public is far from happy about the education that their money buys. A 1978 Gallup Poll shows that only 36 percent of the public give the schools a satisfactory (A or B) rating, compared with 48 percent in 1974.

It is, of course, simplistic to make too much of the fact that the cost of education has risen sharply; the cost of everything has climbed over the past decade. Nor does it make sense to bemoan the fact that teachers are more highly paid and less dedicated (that is, they are not willing to spend as much of their own time and energy) than those of an earlier age. Why expect teachers to be exempt from a general trend in society? And it is misleading to compare the average achievements of today's high-school graduates, when 75 percent of the age group finish school, with those of an earlier age, when only a carefully preselected elite did so.

But even after all these allowances are made, a residue of legitimate dissatisfaction remains. The demand that all children, except those with serious disabilities, master the basic skills in reading, writing, and computation is not unreasonable, but it has not been satisfied. The feeling persists that additional education dollars tend to be swallowed up by teachers' salaries and by a mere reinforcement of more of the same unsatisfactory strategies. The epidemic of teachers' strikes last fall, which delayed school openings from coast to coast, is certain to aid those who want to cut school budgets.

STILL REELING FROM THE 1960s' assault by the new left, the schools are now the favorite punching bag of the new right. The changes proposed by those two opposite forces would both have the effect of undermining the schools, even though the political motivations for doing so differ. Both would like to scuttle compulsory education. The left would do so as part of its fight against what it considers a conservative educational establishment; the right, as a blow for free enterprise. Thus, Michigan's Proposition H, a referendum that failed last November, offered voters the complete abolition of property-tax support for the public schools. The private schools would presumably retain *their* option to determine who is to be left in the public schools.

As criticism mounts, old sources of support for the schools have begun to dissipate. The years of guilt and atonement sparked by the civil-rights battles of the early 1960s, and intensified by the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, have come to an end. The middle class, feeling disadvantaged and neglected, has come to resent expenditures for the children of the poor, which were at the heart of the Great Society's compensatory education movement. Recently a middle-class district in Queens rejected federal funds for after-school jobs for needy youngsters, because the money would go primarily to black children bused in from other districts, and not to the more affluent local youths.

The slowing of America's growth has also robbed the schools of much of their appeal. In the expansionary baby-boom years following World War II, schools represented the

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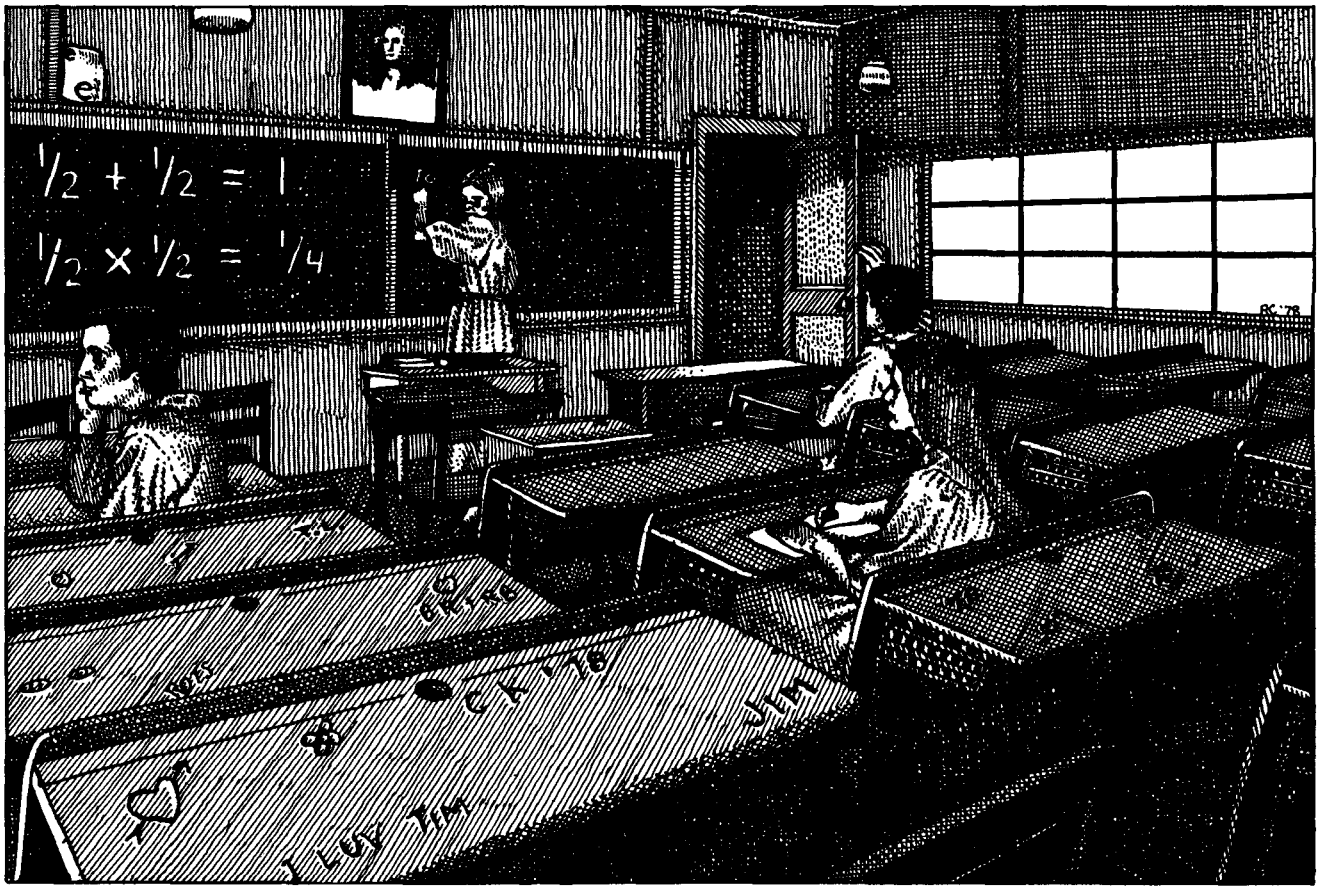

future, just as large families represented growth, expansion, and the American psyche of unlimited possibilities and resources. But five years ago, the spell of unending growth was officially broken. For the first time, the incoming class of first-graders declined in size (by 600,000). As school enrollments are declining and schools are being shut down, an aging population in aging communities is finding the support of public education a burden rather than a boon.

This fiscal conservatism is buoyed by the "back to the basics" movement, which does not stop with a sensible insistence on better teaching and more successful learning of the basic skills. In alliance with the Proposition 13 advocates, conservative supporters of the Three R's are eager to eliminate such "frills" as art and music, as their alternative to a full and costly academic diet.

THE ENTIRE STATE OF OHIO, which has been acting out the tax-revolt phenomenon for several years, provides a preview of the Proposition 13 era to come. Last year, 15 of the state's school districts closed their schools in mid-year because their funds had run out. The legislature tried hard to blame mismanagement, but auditors failed to turn up much evidence. This year, the situation is worse.

Buckeye Central, in Crawford County, is a small rural community, with 900 students in 2 elementary schools and one high school. Despite inflation, it has not received any increase in state funds for three years. Within the past year, the voters have said "no" to two school-fund levies. On October 16, the money ran out and the schools closed until new funds were voted a month later.

"We've held our program just barely at the state-required minimum," says Superintendent R. G. Yaussy. One-third of the town's teachers quit at the end of the last school year. With minimum salaries, the district can only get beginners.

In spite of the austerity, Yaussy insists that Buckeye Central schools offer a good program, citing a state science trophy as evidence. But the loss of a month's instruction is sure to take its toll. "People just didn't believe us when we warned that we would have to close," Dr. Yaussy says. "Some were mad at us and thought we had some money hidden away." But the state auditors took a look and found the coffers empty.

In Columbus, auditors also examined the books, and determined that by December 31, 1978, the schools would have a deficit of $8.9 million. In order to avert a shutdown, the school system applied for, and received, an emergency loan from a special education fund set aside by the Ohio General Assembly. But the loan comes with strings attached: Columbus must cut an already meager school budget by an additional $2.8 million. And repayment responsibilities put them further in the hole, increasing the projected deficit to $12 million in 1979 and $26 million in 1980.

For Columbus, imposed cutbacks are nothing new. The system has already gone through two major retrenchments that closed eight schools in the 1977-78 fiscal year, cut a total of $14 million out of a budget of $120 million, and eliminated 730 positions from a total staff of 7,000. A special program in music, dance, and drama was abolished. The number of special reading teachers has been reduced, and counseling no longer comes close to meeting minimum state standards. Operating levies have been voted down in three successive years, with the largest number of "no" votes last June.

The Columbus school system's recent history is typical: rapid post-World War II growth, followed by the beginnings of precipitous decline in the present decade. Of the city's 168 schools, 70 percent have been built since the war. Enrollments skyrocketed from 41,000 in 1945 to 111,000 in 1971. Since then, the city has lost almost 30,000 students. In the same period, the parochial schools have remained stable or have actually

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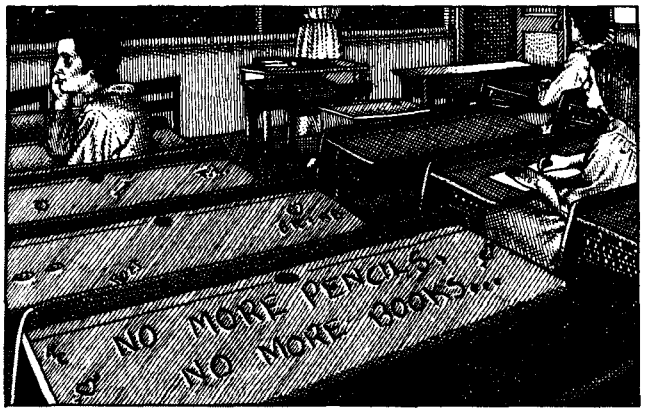

increased slightly, as have some of the suburban schools.

The cutback problem is even more sharply defined in Little Miami, a small working-class district near Cincinnati with a recent influx of upper-middle-class commuters, and a school enrollment of 3,000. The local citizens, says Superintendent Cletus Bulach, have always been antitax, and they are more so now that Proposition 13 is making a whipping boy of the property tax on which the schools depend.

Although the district spends less than $900 per pupil, a figure that has been decreasing for the past two years, school budgets have been defeated four times in a row. As of this writing the schools were to close in early December.

DESPITE THE AUSTERITY, says Dr. Bulach, the schools are holding on to a full program of instruction. In order to do so, they have cut maintenance, textbooks, and other services, and they are charging parents $10 per pupil for instructional materials they can no longer afford to buy with their meager budget. There is, he added, no money to upgrade the staff; in fact, the schools lost virtually their entire mathematics department this year. With starting salaries at $8,900 and a $14,900 top that takes 15 years to reach, the mathematics and science teachers quit to go into industry and even into higher-paying service jobs requiring far less skill and training. The teachers have had no raises in three years.

The district lost 70 students this year, at least 20 to private schools. "If the schools close for 10 weeks in 1979, instead of four weeks like last year, we'll lose more," Dr. Bulach says. There is, he adds, a good selection of private schools—Catholic, Protestant, and exclusive day schools—within 20 miles of Little Miami.

As more parents withdraw their children from public schools, they will be tempted to join the ranks of those who resent paying both school taxes and private-school tuition. This irritation has already increased the pressure for tuition tax credits (narrowly averted for the moment by President Carter's threat of a veto), which would enable greater numbers of middle-class parents to turn away from public education.

Similarly, as the public schools are stripped of their "frills," many of those who advocate a bare-bones diet for other people's children will still seek a more complete and congenial educational environment for their own. The division between the haves and have-nots will widen. Eventually the public schools will be left with only the poorest and the most deprived, as they were before the process of educational democratization began a century ago. More is involved: At stake is the difference between a fluid and a stratified society.

This stratification is already alarmingly evident in the cities, where the upper middle class has left the public schools for private ones (though they continue to pay for public education), while the middle class has either turned to the lower-cost parochial schools or fled to the suburbs. In almost all of our major cities, nonwhite and Hispanic students comprise over 60 percent of the total public-school enrollment. In Washington, as of 1976-77, the figure was 96 percent; in Atlanta, 89 percent; in New York City, 70 percent; and in big cities everywhere, the percentages are increasing. Meanwhile, the rapidly aging suburbs may soon have to decide whether to resist the lure of the anti-tax crusaders or to follow the urban example of declining public education.

WHAT MAKES THE PRESENT SITUATION particularly disconcerting is that the public-school crisis appears remote from the American consciousness. There seems to be little sense of urgency—no serious recognition that the country may have reached a threshold beyond which lies a dramatically changed social order. The weakening and potential loss of the public schools as a unifying and stabilizing force might dash all hopes that the United States will remain the least class-divided of modern industrial societies.

This threat to cherished democratic ideals can be blunted by efforts both within and outside the public-school system. In order to improve the schools themselves, teachers must be trained in and for the classroom, just as doctors are trained in hospitals with real patients. They must work out instructional methods along with administrators, instead of having them imposed from the outside. In return for being treated as professionals, and held accountable as such, they must accept full responsibility for the teaching of the basic skills, not as a cheap substitute for the full range of education but as the foundation for an even fuller range.

The American public must be made aware of the link between public schools and political democracy. The place of public education in American history is one of our best-kept secrets. It is missing from virtually all history textbooks. Unless that gap is filled, it will become increasingly more difficult to persuade taxpayers of the need to protect public education against the Proposition 13 juggernaut.

Eventually the public schools will be left with the most deprived, as they were a century ago. At stake is the difference between a fluid and a stratified society.

The establishment of a national coalition for public education would serve this end well. Such a coalition would not provide a substitute for educational reform; it would refuse any involvement with educational theories, such as the relative merits of traditional or progressive instruction. Its mission would be limited to the propagation of faith in public schools as the foundation of American democracy.

The idea of such a coalition is not new. In the late 1940s, when the years of the Depression and war had drained public education of its reservoir of public support, the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools pursued, and largely attained, precisely such a goal. The commission then disbanded as originally planned, thus avoiding the creation of another permanent superestablishment.

The time is right for another such high-powered but temporary effort. Without a renaissance of educational populism, the pseudopopulists of Proposition 13 will squeeze the vitality out of public education, ultimately leaving the United States with two educational strata, rigidly divided along lines of class and wealth. At the end of that road is the graveyard of the American dream. ◉

Fred Hechinger is president of the New York Times Company Foundation, and an education columnist for the Times.

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OVERREGULATION?

The issue of regulation pits America's twin sluggers, Big Business and Big Government, in angry combat. In the following special section Roger M. Williams scrutinizes one battlefield—a copper smelter at Tacoma, Washington (below); Robert Crandall of the Brookings Institution assesses the costs and benefits of regulation; and major figures from the public and private sectors express their view of the controversy. In The Back Door (page 72), Editor Carll Tucker ponders the psychological effects of regulation on businessmen.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY ASARCO

Arsenic and Old Factories

by Roger M. Williams

Tacoma, Washington

THE TACOMA SMELTER and copper refinery is a throwback to the early days of industry, equal parts Dante and Rube Goldberg. Outside, the place is a maze of geometric shapes and odd angles, gray with a few accidental splashes of green and yellow. Inside, dust coats the walls in infinite layers that are reinforced by the smoky, hellish processes of smelting and refining approximately 400,000 tons of copper ore each year. For nearly 90 years, men have worked in this smelter and lived with their families in the shadow of its towering smokestack, and the city of Tacoma, while coughing and cursing, has been grateful for its presence.

But all that may soon change. The government's two most formidable regulatory bodies, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), along with two local authorities, have ordered smelter officials to severely reduce pollution both inside and outside the factory. The regulators want to control the release of sulfur dioxide (SO_2) and, far more dreadful-sounding to most ears, arsenic. The latter is known to be carcinogenic, while the former may severely aggravate respiratory problems. The smelter's owner, ASARCO, has tried to restrict the emissions; beyond that, the company has led an industry-wide campaign against the government's tough new standards, which it claims will involve a staggering expense and may even lead to closing the factory. Jobs and money on one side, and protection on the other; it is the conflict being waged throughout the business world today.

If the new standards are imposed, independent sources estimate, the costs of compliance will approach $100 million, a figure that would measurably increase the 15 cents which ASARCO calculates to be the regulation portion of the 72 cents needed to produce a pound of copper. If ASARCO makes the unlikely decision to close the facility instead, the cost will prove no less grave: the loss of some 800 jobs, $2.5 million in corporate tax payments, and about $20 million a year in company purchases of goods and services.

These economic problems are further complicated by the depressed status of the copper market. In recent years, the Tacoma plant, like many of its competitors, has swung between loss and marginal profitability. Leading ASARCO officials, including plant manager Armand L. Labbe, deny any intention of closing down the smelter. But recently the com-

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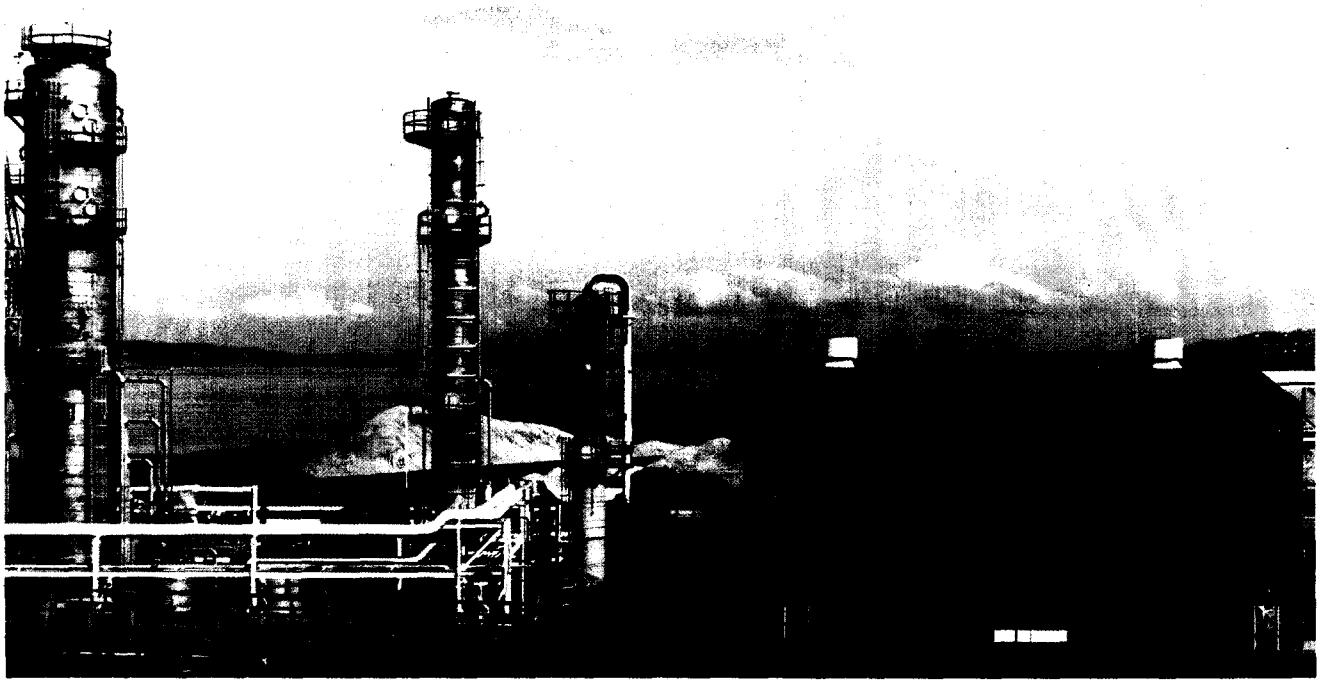
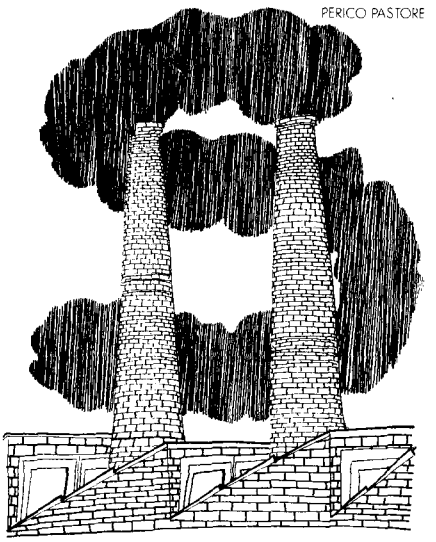


Towers of plant that recover a large amount of SO_2—rather than sending it out stack—bristle against bucolic Puget Sound

pany announced that as of January 1 it would suspend operations in the refinery part of the plant, laying off as many as 125 workers. While the announcement stressed unfavorable market conditions, a spokesman added that the expense of antipollution measures in the plant as a whole contributed to the company's decision.

Regulators, on the other hand, argue that the health of the community and the work force must be protected from the threat of dangerous poisons. Until the last few years arsenic was thought to cause nothing more grave than dermatitis and perforated septums (the latter now benignly regarded by some smelter workers because, as one puts it, "you get $750 disability pay and you're not in bad shape.") But now hygienists think otherwise: A 1970-71 study of mortality among Tacoma smelter workers found the rate of death from lung cancer to be three to four times as high as normal—and 10 times as high among workers exposed to the highest toxic concentrations. Nor do the effects end there: Another study found that children within half a mile of the smelter had absorbed as much arsenic as the workers themselves.



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Although all 15 copper smelters in the United States produce the compound arsenic trioxide as a residue of the smelting process, only the Tacoma smelter turns out so much that it can be recovered for sale to homicidal old ladies and to makers of glass, wood preservatives, and other products. In addition, Tacoma is one of only two smelters located at the edge of a heavily populated area—in this case, about four miles from the center of the city. The smelter operates under two other unfortunate conditions: Prevailing winds tend to blow its emissions toward Tacoma, rather than out over Puget Sound; and the age of the facility makes pollution-proofing an especially complicated and costly procedure.

The Tacoma smelter, then, is a prime candidate for regulation. What has happened so far is that federal and local agencies have drastically lowered the permissible levels of arsenic and SO_2. Although the agencies admit that medical knowledge is not yet sufficiently advanced to set precise standards for maximum exposure, they feel they must make the most educated conjecture possible. As one OSHA official puts it, "Nobody really has hard answers concerning these toxic substances, but neither Congress nor the American people want us to sit around until there *are* hard answers."

ASARCO officials do not seem optimistic about their prospects for overturning the regulatory standards in court. They do hope to moderate their economic damage. The critical question, to be decided in court or in conferences, is: Will OSHA and EPA insist on plant-wide "engineering controls," in order to make the air itself safe in the workplace and the surrounding community, or will the agencies settle for a much cheaper combination of engineering controls and measures that can be selectively applied? Such measures include respirators and protective clothing for the workers and curtailed production for the community.

At present the agencies show little inclination to compromise. For one thing, they take a skeptical view of ASARCO's claim that sanitizing the Tacoma smelter would jeopardize the financial health of the corporation. The entire place, they feel, could be rendered clean as a newborn's breath without placing an undue burden on the owners.

THE TACOMA SMELTER WAS ESTABLISHED in 1890, only six years after the city's founding. Thus the smelter has long been one of Tacoma's largest, and most generous, employers; at an average wage of $8 per hour plus fringe benefits, its workers are well off by local standards. From the outset, the smelter operated in something of its own world, whole families, on the male side, going to work at "the plant."

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The deadline for submissions is April 2, 1979. The judges will include members of the Advertising and News Editorial faculties of the S. I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University, as well as representatives from the professional community. The winners will be announced in the issue of September 29, in which *Saturday Review* will explore the history and future of corporate communications and retrospectively salute the winners of these awards for the past quarter century.

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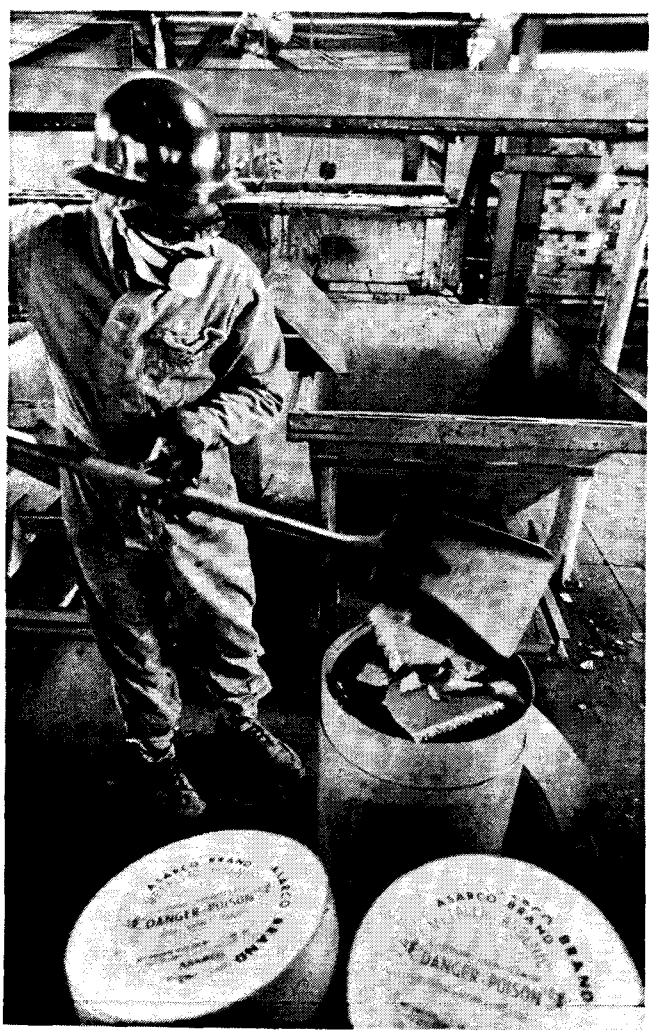
ASARCO was only one defiler of Tacoma. The city was once so polluted that somebody wrote a popular song whose catch phrase was "the aroma of Tacoma." City fathers, however, preferred to talk about "the smell of money," and even the workers, who suffered within as well as without the plants, seldom complained; their motto was, "Where there's smoke, there's money." In fact, today's oldtimers recall colleagues who cured head colds by leaning over a cauldron of steaming molten copper and taking a deep breath.

Tacoma (population 165,000) began issuing air-pollution ordinances in the 1950s, but the smelter did not really feel the impact of regulation until the Puget Sound Area Pollution Control Agency (PSAPCA), a regional forerunner of EPA, was established in 1967. With an old plant, a mandate to smelt the impurest of copper ores, and a highly conservative corporate management, ASARCO dragged its way forward under the threats and periodic fines of the regulators. The smelter's performance and predicament sparked a lively community debate, which has been muted in recent years by ASARCO's anti-pollution measures. Among Tacoma businessmen, says Chamber of Commerce official Donald I. Barber, "There's a lot of sympathy for ASARCO, a feeling that the company has been landed on with both feet. Some of those people have had their own problems with OSHA or PSAPCA or EPA."

Until the 1970s, when inorganic arsenic and its compounds became strongly suspected as carcinogens, the permissible workplace exposure limits set by industrial hygienists fluctuated considerably, finally settling, in 1948, on 500 micrograms per cubic meter of air. OSHA, benefiting from both a new understanding of toxicity and increased concern for occupational health, changed that drastically. In 1974 OSHA's research arm recommended setting the occupational standard for arsenic at "no detectable level," sending smelter owners into shock. A series of hearings pitted the industry, the agency, and their respective medical experts in protracted combat. Finally, in May 1978, after having taken 2,500 pages of testimony, OSHA announced its official standard: 10 mg—about the weight of the period made by a typewriter.



Wearing respirator and "baghouse suit," worker loads arsenic.

Almost as dismaying to industry as the limit was the timetable OSHA set. By August 1, all employees exposed above 500 mg would have respirators, tightly fitting masks containing filters to purify the air breathed by the workers; by December 1, that level would drop to 10 mg. Monitoring of in-plant levels would begin in September, and cafeterias and rest rooms would be rendered safe—without masks—by July 1, 1979. ASARCO officials figured they could meet these requirements without great difficulty; they had been using various types of masks or respirators for years, and had been making steady, if slow, progress toward a decent environment in the Tacoma smelter. But the last requirement was a very different matter: "December 31, 1979—Completion of Engineering Controls." In only 19 months the Tacoma smelter would no longer be able to provide 10 mg air by means of respirators and other localized means; it would have to provide a 10 mg *environment*.

Armand Labbe (pronounced "Lab-bee") is a firm-jawed, youthful-looking man who has spend 34 of his 57 years in the employ of ASARCO. Since becoming manager of the Tacoma smelter in 1978, he is credited by townspeople with greatly improving the smelter's poor public image—and by the company with maintaining a cool head and a productive plant under very trying circumstances. While Labbe does not speak kindly of the regulators and the way they operate, neither does he condemn them out of hand.

"Our anti-pollution expenditures to date have totaled about $28 million," Labbe said, "and that includes simple things like buying a water truck that wets the ground to keep the dust down." Another pollution expense has been fines paid to PSAPCA. Labbe estimated them at "well over $100,000," which a Tacoma activist in the air-pollution field calls "the price of their staying in business. This smelter has done just enough to keep from getting shut down." Indeed, the plant has almost constantly violated PSAPCA standards since the agency first set them a decade ago.

As another direct result of regulation, the smelter has hired an industrial hygienist, a full-time doctor and nurse (it's hard to imagine a sizable plant in heavy industry without either), and a half-dozen meteorologists who advise management when to curtail production because of weather conditions that maximize air pollution. Labbe estimates that 50 percent of his own time—"double the amount six or nine months ago"—is now devoted to regulatory matters. This extracurricular workload, he maintains, hasn't hurt plant efficiency.

The cost of meeting the 10 mg standard completely by engineering controls? "I've no idea," said Labbe, "but we estimated the cost of meeting 50 as $41 million." In court last fall, OSHA estimated $63 million for 10 mg; ASARCO considered that total too low. These figures do not include the cost of meeting EPA's standards, which, at this writing, hadn't been issued in final form.

We donned smocks, respirators, and yellow rubbers for a tour of the smelter areas that have substantial arsenic levels: the "converter aisle," an awesome line of superheated furnaces and bubbling "ladles" of molten copper; the fine ore bin, a huge shed containing piles of different ores; and, of

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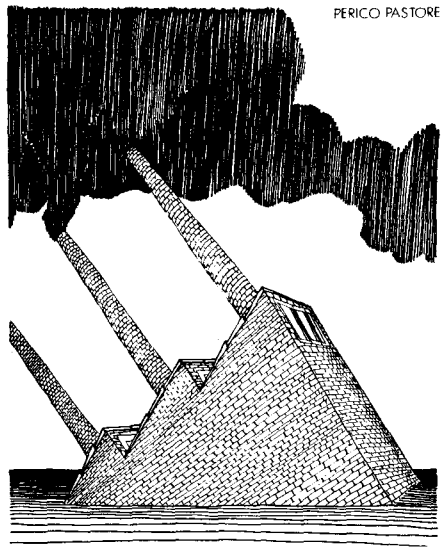
course, the arsenic plant, where arsenic oxide is roasted from the residues of smelting, then condensed into chalky, off-white granules. In the converter aisle and the arsenic plant, smoke is an almost constant companion; dust pervades all three places.

Approximately 580 men work in production at the smelter and refinery (down from 800 at better times). About half of them spend all or most of their time in sections of the plant where the arsenic level exceeds 10 mg. The men in the arsenic plant, six or seven on the day shift, are covered from head to toe in protective clothing that includes a respirator in a full hood. This respirator is a roughly $400 state-of-the-art model, with two filters and a hip-mounted fan that maintains a uniform pressure inside the mask and makes breathing easier; its filters must be changed twice a day—there is that much junk ("particulate") in the arsenic plant air. This is 500 mg air, the same atmosphere that, until relatively recently, America's leading industrial hygienists were pronouncing safe *without* a mask. There are two other types of respirators for lower concentrations. Labbe said—and workers confirmed—that the company insists that the respirators be worn: "If an inspector sees a guy without one, it's not him that gets knocked, it's the company. Of course, we've got some cheaters."

The employees belong to Local 25 of the United Steelworkers. The national union had been urging OSHA to make 0 mg of arsenic the standard for copper smelters. But Adolph Schwartz, the Steelworkers' director of safety and health, indicated recently that "zero pollution," as it's known in the trade, is more an ideal than a target. "We're not interested in shutting down plants," says Schwartz. "Industry alone can't bear the burden of implementing anti-pollution technology. Society has some responsibility there, too. A company should get some relief, in the form of tax breaks or whatever."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At Local 25's little office, business agent Richard Miller expressed the dilemma common to unions in all of the OSHA-regulated industries: "We know we can't trade lives for jobs. We want the company pushed as far as possible to clean up this plant. But if they're pushed long and hard enough, there's a definite possibility that the place will close—and we're talking about 600 union members." Miller juggled the arguments for a few minutes and then said: "If it's feasible to engineer this problem out, economics shouldn't be a factor; the company should be required to do it. If it's not feasible, OSHA's obligated to accept nonengineering measures—full masks and whatnot." Miller adds that an ASARCO decision to close the smelter should be challenged in court.

Into the local's office walked visible evidence of arsenic damage: an arsenic plant worker with a nasty-looking rash across his chin. He explained casually that he hadn't cleaned his mask properly and that arsenic-bearing dust had mixed with the sweat that builds up under even the best respirators. All the workers, it seems, dislike the respirators, and some find them intolerable for anything but brief periods. Sweat is only one problem. Said Faye Thompson, a bricklayer: "I work on a lot of hot jobs, and sometimes I've just got to take the thing off to catch a breath. I don't care *who* sees me."

Unconcerned as he seemed about his chin, the worker with the rash worries so much about arsenic's cancerous affects that he intends to quit his job in a few months. "The hell with the 10 years [seniority]," he said. "I'm going back South, to where the air's so clean you can't see it."

There is little casual talk among the smelter workers about arsenic. The older men tend to play down its dangers—they've lived through them. Joe Percich, 57, with 32 years in the smelter, was born virtually under its smokestack. "I was weaned on vegetables grown below all that smoke," Percich says cheerfully, "and I worked here when we didn't have no mask except a rag, and you only used that in places that were *really* dusty. They keep telling me it's a problem, but it's never affected me. I've been checked out and the doctors say everything's in good shape."

Down the street from Local 25 is the Brick, a tavern where, when you order a bottle of beer, they ask you if you want a glass. Two young smelter workers sitting over their drinks spoke angrily about the mandatory safety devices. The regulations concerning these devices, the men said, are far too broadly and arbitrarily enforced. "In one place you've got to wear a mask at all times, and two feet away you hardly have to wear it at all," complained Bob Walsh, who has worked throughout the smelter. "Hell, *I* know when the dust comes by. Nobody has to tell me to put a mask on then, but when there's no dust I don't need one." Walsh said he's seen workers "take the insides" out of their respirators to facilitate breathing and twist the ear protectors issued for noisy areas "so they stay in your ears but don't bother your hearing."

Walsh's companion, brickmason Ron Clingen, declared that he was tired of those deceptions: "I'm quitting this week—because of the respirators. When it's over 100 degrees in there and you gotta wear a mask, too, you can hardly breathe. Besides, when you put on safety glasses, a hard hat, mask, suit, and boots, it all gets degrading. You feel like a goddam dog. I'm 23 years old. Why should I spend the rest of my life wearing that stuff?"

That question adds yet another factor to the complex problem of balancing the rights of workers and the public with those of industry. The needs of the Ron Clingens *and* the regulatory agencies would be met if ASARCO engineered arsenic and SO_2 out of the smelter air and the Tacoma environment. While the economic costs of undertaking such a project are severe, the cumulative social and personal costs of not doing so may be higher. The proposition that government can force a corporation to modernize a plant, whatever the reason and expense, is indeed dubious. But there can be no doubt, in a compassionate society, that if a corporation wants to keep a hazardous plant operating, it must not be allowed to do so on the backs—or the lungs—of its employees and the people who live nearby. Nor are masks and other protective devices an adequate, long-term solution. A worker on a job deserves comfort and dignity as well as safety.

The conflict between regulators and industry may ultimately turn on the question of method: How can the former pursue their goals so as to gain the cooperation of the latter? A decade ago, PSAPCA hit on a *modus vivendi* with the Tacoma smelter: Set high standards, grant variances when the standards cannot be met, and impose fines when they can be but aren't. An untidy solution, but a practical one. It takes a sharp stick as well as a carrot to keep America's industrial mules moving forward. ◉

Roger M. Williams is a senior editor at Saturday Review.

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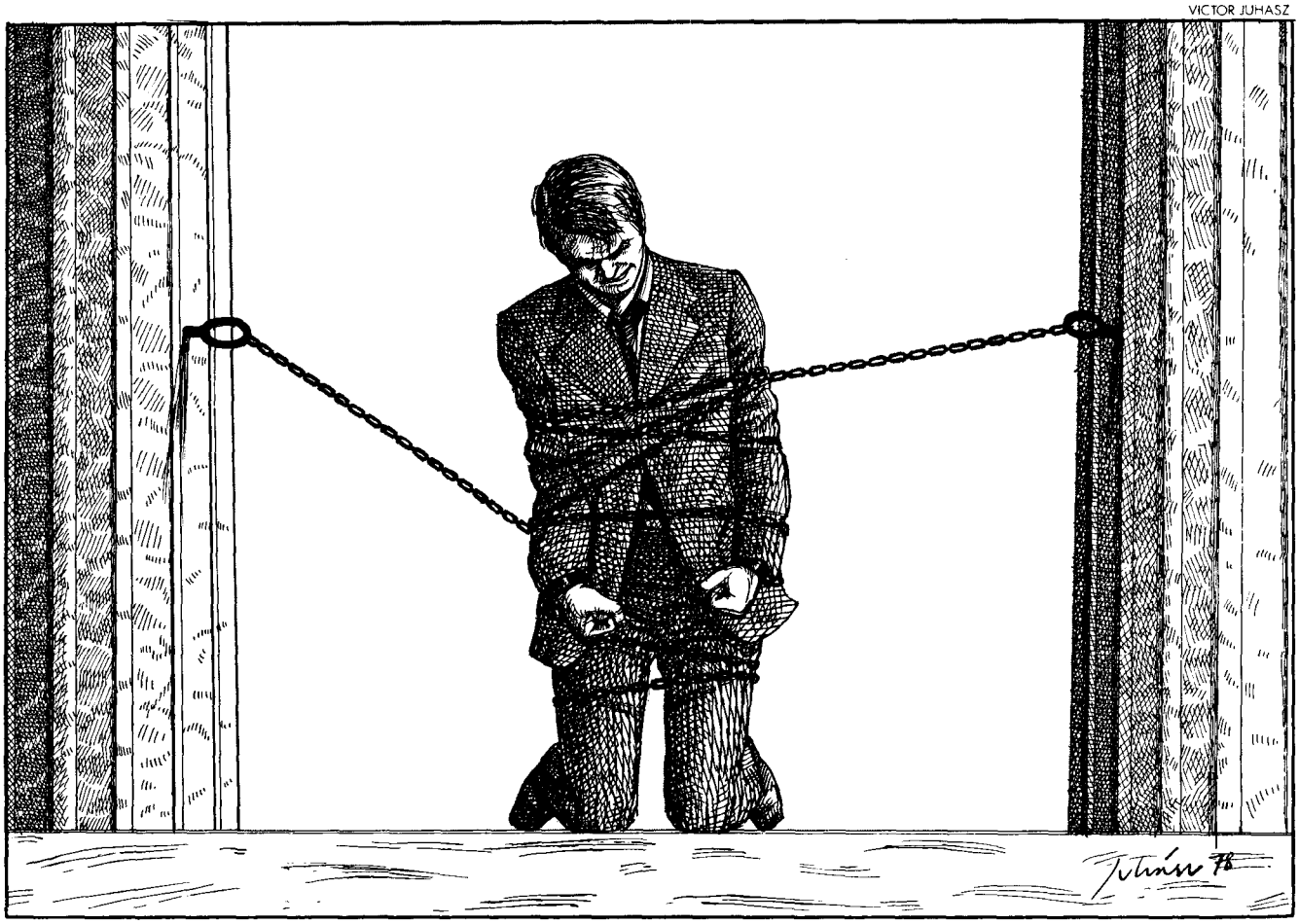

Is Government Regulation Crippling Business?

by Robert Crandall

THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO the great issue pitting business against government was monopoly power; after that it was unionism; today the provocation to battle is the issue of regulation. Nothing angers businessmen large and small more than federal intervention in matters of safety and environmental control. And nowhere is the state more intrusive and demanding in its relation to the private sphere. Their contest, waged in courtrooms, in the press, in the corridors of Washington, proceeds from the question: How much protection do workers, consumers, and the public need? But posing the question in that form has permitted regulators and interest groups to ride public sympathy to even more expensive, ill-considered forms of government control. The relevant question should be, how can regulation be designed so as to minimize expense and confusion, without sacrificing safety and health? The regulatory problem is one of method as much as scope.

Until as recently as a decade ago, the word regulation was applied almost exclusively to the government's attempt to control prices and licensing in such fields as transportation, electrical and gas utilities, communications, and oil and gas production. Today such agencies as the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Federal Communications Commission have this role.

But the 1970s have witnessed the growth of a new form of regulation that involves health, safety, and environmental protection. In less than 10 years Congress has created a federal bureaucracy employing 80,000 people, with the mission of protecting consumers or workers from harm. Among the more important of the new agencies, and their dates of creation, are:

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), 1970

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA), 1970

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), 1970

The Consumer Product Safety Commission (CPSC), 1972

The Office of Surface Mining Reclamation and Enforcement (in the Department of the Interior), 1977

At least another 15 lesser agencies or offices have also been created, and many existing organizations—such as the Federal Trade Commission—enjoy greater authority.

These groups act as agents for the public (including workers), which has no way of bargaining with business over product safety, pollution, or workplace hazards. We owe to these various organizations a substantial reduction in the

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quantity of noxious particulates and sulfur dioxide in the air, less muck in our waterways, and a sizable decrease in the number of fatal mining accidents, among other achievements.

Yet balanced against these notable successes is an even heavier load of failure. The promulgation of thousands of highly detailed standards has proved both confusing and costly. Automobile safety requirements have had no demonstrable effect on the highway death toll. The EPA's sulfur emissions standards will cost industry $1 billion more per year than more flexible, though equally safe, measures. A new program to make public transportation available to the handicapped costs more than providing them limousine service. OSHA's industrial-noise standards might run to $2 billion a year, neglecting much less expensive forms of worker protection.

There are two problems with this new "social" regulation, both of them locked in the design of the agencies themselves. First, it is impossible to calculate adequately either the costs or the benefits of the standards which these agencies impose. Had Congress used pollution taxes or insurance schemes to force or cajole companies to devise health and safety standards, the cost of the programs could have been easily computed. But the deliberate decision to have agencies mandate standards for business means that firms will simply add the costs of compliance into the price of products. The ultimate cost of a given standard is thus anybody's guess, a great boon to those seeking to disguise the true costs of regulation.

The second problem is the powerful influence that special-interest groups have been able to wield. These groups include public-interest organizations as well as unions and large firms. Again, because the agencies are so little accountable for their actions, they have proved an easy mark for highly organized lobbies.

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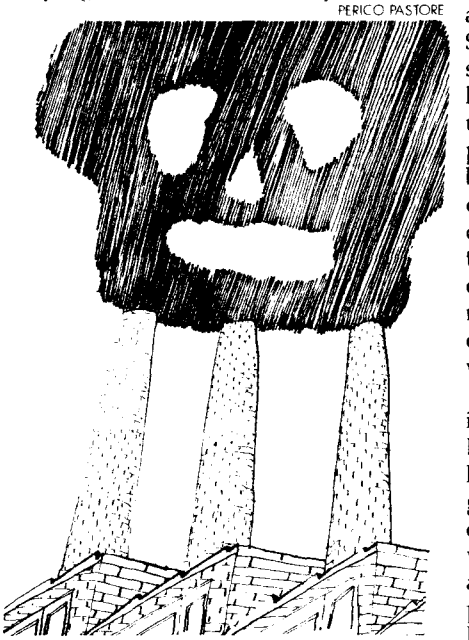

THE COST OF SOCIAL REGULATION has grown to vast proportions because society is billed for it indirectly. Here the contrast with the traditional rate-setting form of regulation is instructive. If the ICC were to suggest a 50 percent increase in railroad and trucking rates tomorrow, furious cries of collusion would fill the air. If a state commission were to grant a local electrical utility a 50 percent boost, consumers would storm the walls. If, however, EPA or OSHA were to announce that it was tightening all of its standards by 25 percent (which might increase compliance costs by 50 percent), the reaction would probably range from indifference to mild approval that businesses were being forced to stop polluting or endangering workers. The fact that costs and, therefore, prices would soon reflect this change would not be advertised by EPA or OSHA, understood by most citizens, or even believed by the ardent proponents of regulation.

EPA's standard for photochemical smog provides a noteworthy example of this heedless expenditure of society's resources. Congress has established a goal of reducing automobile emissions by 90 percent from their earlier, uncontrolled levels. Two of these pollutants, hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides, are thought to create smog through a reaction with sunlight. A major component of this smog, ozone, has been thought to have harmful effects upon chronic respiratory diseases and breathing capacity. Unfortunately, there is little evidence of either effect at low levels of exposure. EPA has discovered that the only study linking ozone to respiratory disease is 22 years old, and has never been verified. No one even knows for sure how ozone exposure was measured in this study. But EPA, undaunted, is proposing to keep a very tight air standard for ozone—0.1 parts per million—at an annual cost of $14 to $19 billion per year. A looser standard, though reducing costs, would put Congress in the embarrassing position of having to roll back automobile emissions standards. To avoid this outcome, EPA simply argues that there is *some* danger to health from allowing higher levels of ozone concentration, regardless of the evidence; few consumers will understand how much this will cost them, or how little it may help.

Since agencies generally do not have any interest in calculating the costs of their actions—indeed, they would prefer to avoid such embarrassments—it is not surprising that we do not know how much NHTSA, OSHA, or EPA is really costing us. The estimated cost of complying with EPA regulations in 1976 was $15 billion; if the agency enforced all of its standards the cost could reach at least $40 billion by the early 1980s. OSHA, which has not moved so fast nor so aggressively, may be costing us only $2 or $3 billion per year. Automobile safety regulation probably requires at least another $3 billion per year. Regulation of safety in coal mines has probably reduced labor productivity by about 50 percent. There is clear evidence that FDA regulation has reduced the rate of introduction of new therapeutic drugs. The total cost of all of these forms of regulation is thus immense, but we do not know with precision what the total burden is today or what it will be tomorrow.

The secondary effects of regulation increase the bill even further. Edward Denison of the Brookings Institution has estimated that productivity growth was reduced by nearly 20 percent in 1975 owing to increasing environmental control costs and health and safety regulations imposed upon private nonfarm business. But in 1975, Denison estimates, business spent only $9 billion on environmental control. This number will probably increase four- or fivefold by the mid 1980s if EPA implements the laws which it administers and enforces the resulting standards.

In short, we have considerable evidence that growing social regulation could eat into our ability to grow economically. Productivity growth has slowed to about 1 percent per year, a rate which will permit very little improvement in the average standard of living and even less ability to address other pressing social problems. There can be little doubt that regulation has contributed to this sharp deceleration in growth.

REGULATION IS SUPPOSED to protect the public; but the workings of the political process insure that general welfare will be overlooked in order to satisfy a few powerful groups. Public policy in a pluralistic, democratic society is rarely based, as it is generally supposed to be, upon providing the greatest good for the greatest number. Actually, policy-makers seek to mollify specific constituencies or "common interest" groups. These groups needn't be large; it is more important that they be well-organized and clamorous in their pursuit of self-inter-

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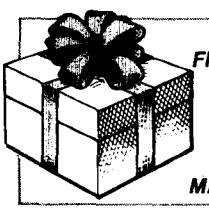

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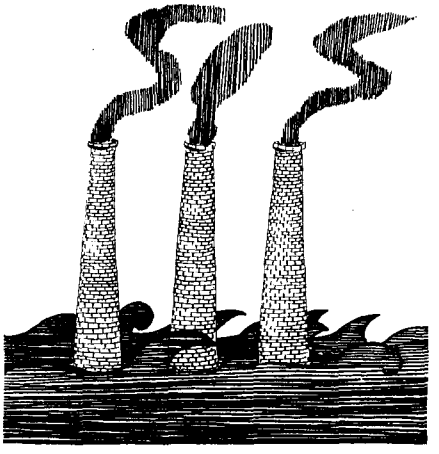
est. Truckers are no more numerous than members of many other groups, but their economic well-being is very much dependent upon monopolistic practices, while a consumer's welfare depends to a much lesser degree upon low shipping rates. So the ICC has largely regulated competition out of the trucking industry.

Another classic example of the extraordinary power of special-interest lobbying is EPA's decision on limiting sulfur emissions by electrical utilities. In 1977, EPA and the White House agreed on a proposal to require sulfur-removing equipment, called flue-gas scrubbers, on all new coal-fired utility plants. The idea had been vigorously advanced by the odd couple of midwestern coal-mining unions and environmentalists, in order to cope with the shift to cleaner western coal. The miners were concerned about the loss of jobs, since utilities, who consume large quantities of coal, would be loath to burn the dirtier midwestern variety if they were to be held responsible for the cleanliness of the air. So the miners argued for an amendment to the Clean Air Act that would focus on the installation of scrubbers—no matter what sort of coal is used—rather than on reaching a required level of purity in the atmosphere. According to EPA's own analysis, the cost of installing scrubbers is $1 billion more per annum than the option of giving utilities their choice of coal and technology to realize the same sulfur emissions rate. In fact, the final standard proposed by EPA administrator Douglas Costle is the most costly he could have chosen and may even generate more pollution than a slightly looser (partial scrubbing) standard. The final irony is that EPA's analyses show that employment in midwestern coal mines would not decline under any clean-air policy being contemplated.



Not all powerful interest groups have profit as their rallying cry. Environmentalists and other public-interest lobbies are best understood as ideologically united organizations seeking to tax the many for policies often desired by only a small, vocal minority. Groups such as the Environmental Defense Fund and the Natural Resources Defense Council lobby for goals that they believe to be in the interest of the general public, but they generally do not inform this larger constituency of the true costs or benefits of what they propose. On the other hand, the AFL-CIO is perfectly aware that worker safety can only be bought at the expense of consumers. In either case, it is important to keep the public from understanding how much this new regulation will cost. People must be led carefully into the brave new healthy world of the future, not knowing how many cars, television sets, or trips to Disney World they must sacrifice.

Despite the individual horror stories of misguided and inefficient regulation, the new social regulatory agencies will neither be disbanded nor sharply cut back in the foreseeable future. Nor should they be. But substantial reform is both possible and needed. In an article of this scope, it is possible only to summarize some of the more important suggestions for reform.

First, Congress must begin requiring regulators to measure both the costs they are forcing upon the economy and the benefits of their regulations. The Carter administration, concerned over slowing the pace of inflation, has already initiated this process by pressuring agency heads to soften some of their more expensive requirements. But a more permanent step in this direction would be the creation of a "regulatory budget"—an annual summation of all of the costs mandated by each agency. Agencies would be instructed not to exceed the budget total in any year, but would be free to determine how much to spend on each program in their domain. EPA could be given, for example, $40 billion per year to grow by a fixed percentage annually. It would then have to decide whether to spend $1 billion by requiring scrubbers for all electrical utilities, or by seeking reductions in, say, water pollution. This proposal would have the additional advantage of provoking an annual debate in Congress on the size of EPA's or OSHA's budget. Such a debate would force proponents to measure the benefits of the various regulatory programs, something now totally lacking in the political process.

Second, Congress and the regulators should attempt to devise simple, market-like incentives for the promotion of environmental purity or human health and safety. A pollution tax or other form of market instrument confronts all polluters with the same "price" for polluting and assures that the cost of getting to a desired pollution level is minimized. As yet, the use of such alternatives as penalties and taxes has been rare, since they would make the cost of pollution or safety regulation more visible. Tax collections are public information; regulatory costs are not. The use of taxes would also make it more difficult for the politically powerful to lobby for favorable treatment, since the IRS is not likely to allow polluters to beg for favorable treatment. Finally, small firms would be penalized less than big firms since engineering standards usually require large fixed investments which can only be operated profitably at large outputs. To its credit, EPA is beginning to experiment with various forms of "pollution rights" in implementing the Clean Air Act.

Third, we should seriously question the tendency of regulators to limit our choices between product prices and safety. Not all of us want our standard of living reduced through substantially higher product prices in return for absolute safety. For instance, I would appreciate the opportunity to buy a fairly inexpensive lawnmower and to be careful in using it.

Finally, the strategy for reducing automobile emissions and hazards should be reexamined by Congress. Emissions standards for automobiles are set not by EPA, but by Congress, which has felt that it must eliminate any possibility of Detroit influence over an administrative agency. The result has been continual postponing of deadlines, inefficient automobile design, a needless collision with fuel-economy objectives, and higher vehicle costs to the consumer. It is painfully obvious that we can do better.

A few years ago, a colleague remarked to a conference on communications regulation that reform would not come easily in that area because there was no "crisis." We are not yet at a crisis point in regulation, but this is partially owing to public ignorance. As long as most taxpayers do not realize that their $500 or so per year is often being wasted, they are not likely to raise regulation as an issue that competes with inflation, the Middle East, or abortion in forthcoming political campaigns. But when they finally discover that the new regulators have succeeded in reducing our economic growth to zero, and that we are rapidly becoming the next Great Britain, reform will become an urgent priority. One only hopes that the process can be improved before reaching such a state. ◉

Robert Crandall is a Senior Fellow at the Brookings Institution.

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14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

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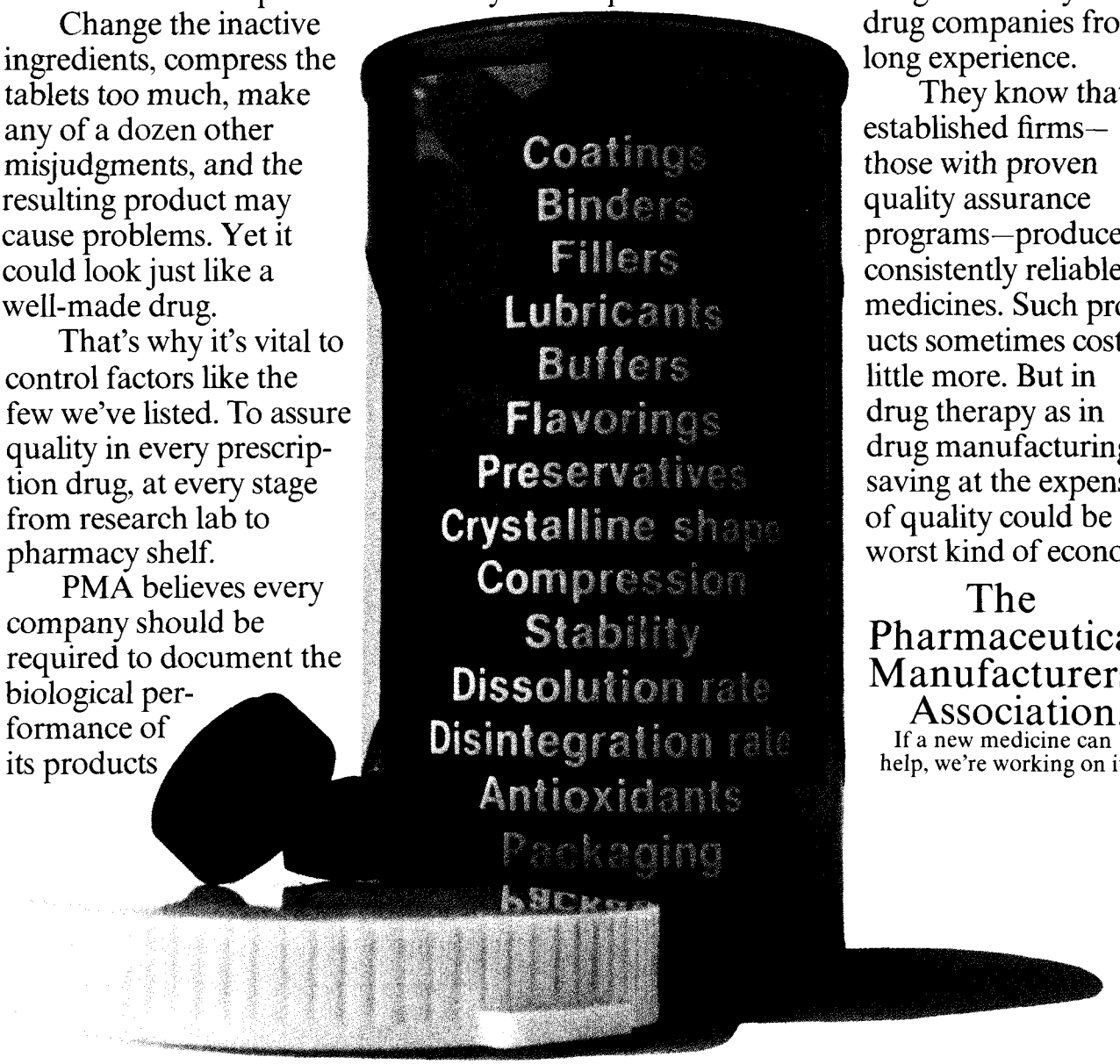
PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.



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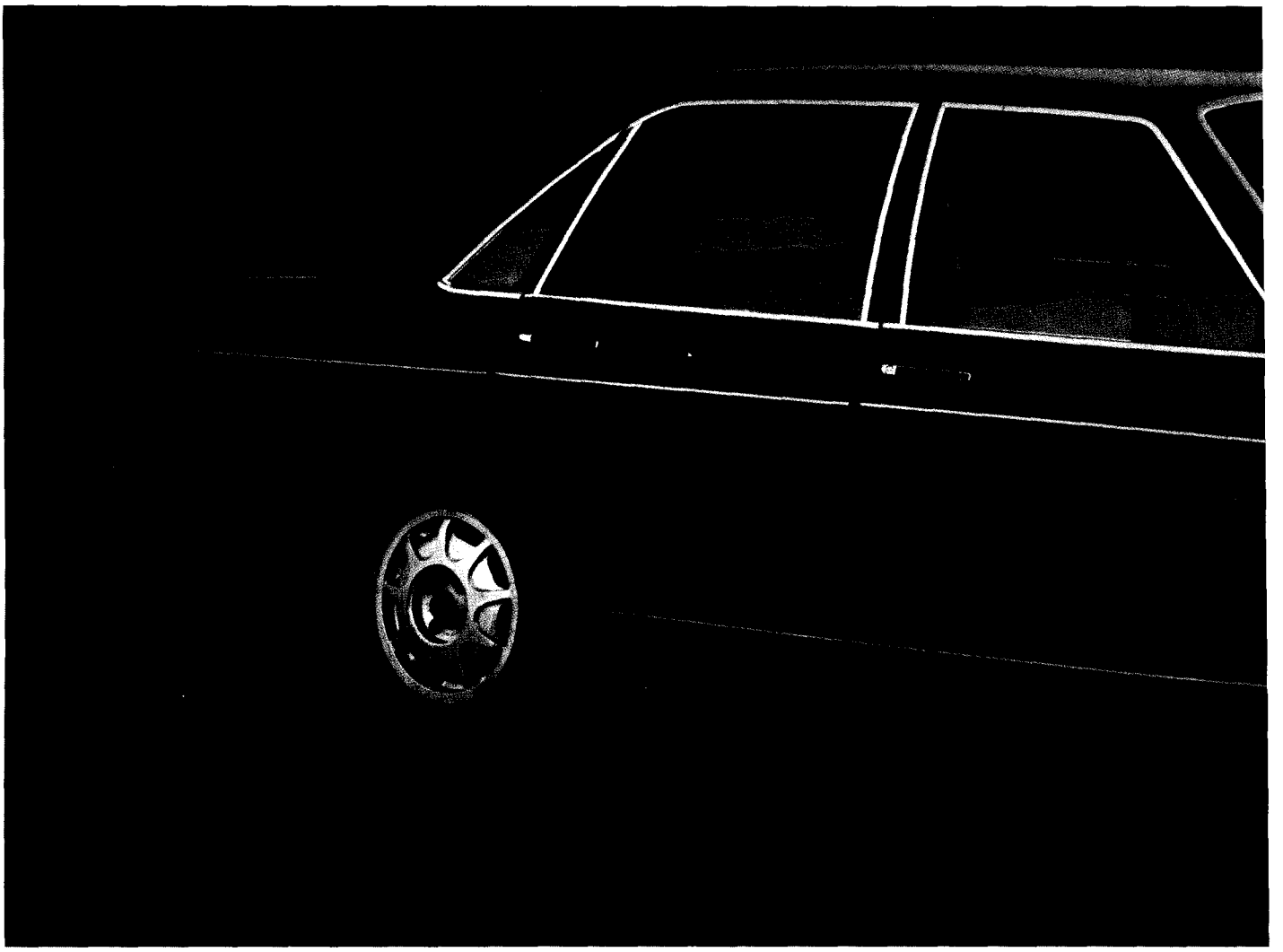
"CERTAINLY IT'S THE BEST EUROPE IN A LONG WHILE."



*The sedan that Road Test Magazine is talking about does not sell for $20,000. It does not sell for $15,000. It sells for a base price of $8995.**

This pleasantly surprising contradiction between the test results of the Audi 5000 and the price has been pointed out by several automotive publications.

Read these excerpts from the Road Test report on the Audi 5000 that appeared in the January, 1978 issue:

"At freeway speeds the ride is serene and smooth, there is no mechanical noise, and no wind noise. You get bored, turn on the radio, and just drive—until you glance down at the gauges and notice that you're making 85 mph. It's sneaky; it'll fool you if you don't pay attention. It'll also nip in and out of traffic like a much smaller car, thanks to the way it responds to its controls..."

"It may just be the ultimate sports sedan."

"...not only does the 5000 have a 5-cylindered mill, but it's got one that sips gas like a four,** makes horse-

*Suggested retail price $8995 P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and dealer delivery charges additional. Fully equipped "S" model $10,575.

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SEDAN TO COME FROM

—ROAD TEST MAGAZINE, ON THE AUDI 5000

power like a six and feels nearly as smooth as an eight."

"...the price...isn't near as much as some of the 5000's closest competitors sell for. That, of course, is the name of the game, and Audi is playing it to the hilt with development of solid concept and good attention to detail. They're going to sell every one of these cars they can screw together."

"...the 5000 has an incredible heater/air conditioner that could heat half your house, or could freeze your—um, toes off, depending on which button is pushed."

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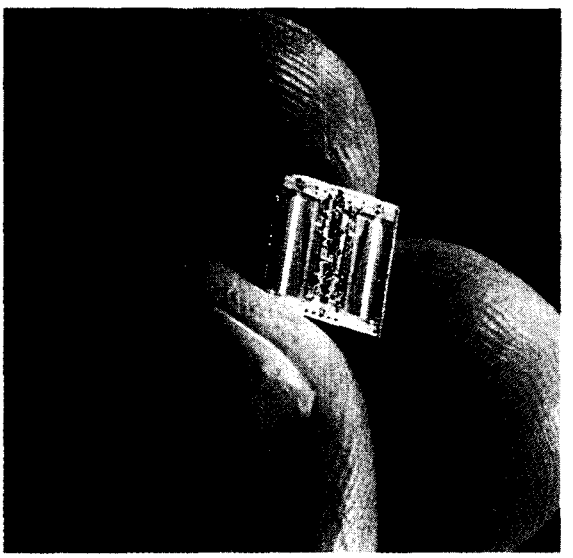

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The Experts Polled

Gary Hart—Democratic Senator From Colorado

The regulation of American business is becoming excessive. Many regulations are inefficient, costly to implement, and often stifle innovation. The challenge is to maintain the benefits regulations were intended to achieve while cutting down on their cost.

One way to cut the cost of regulation is to simplify compliance. For example, a company in Colorado wishing to make synthetic oil from oil shale must first obtain 18 permits from the federal government and 20 from state and local agencies. In addition, the same company needs 27 more permits to begin a housing project adjacent to its mining operation. Surely the public could be served just as well, if not better, if some of these 65 requirements were combined.

Second, we need to revise the regulatory process itself. Regulations have been designed to induce actions which may not be profitable for individual firms but which are desirable from society's perspective. Environmental regulations are an example. Neither the cost of destroying the environment nor the profit from cleaning it up appear on the balance sheet of any corporation, so we have devised regulations to protect public health and safety.

We need to provide economic incentives for cleaning up the environment, and to replace the volume of regulations with a simpler pollution fee.

Under such a system, polluters would pay a fee for every unit of untreated pollution discharged into the environment. Regulators would no longer dictate to each firm how much pollution to abate or how to achieve the standard. Instead, fees would be set high enough to provide efficient economic incentives so that most firms would comply.

For genuine public health hazards, involving, for example, toxic chemicals and heavy metals, economic incentives are not the answer; outright prohibition still is. But a system of economic incentives and disincentives to combat pollution deserves to be tried as a serious alternative to the burden of regulation.

A. W. Clausen
President, Bank of America

It is safe to say that we are overregulated when we begin to suffer from the following paradox: Our economic and social regulation seriously impedes our economic and social progress. This paradox is at work now.

In fiscal year 1979, the federal government has budgeted $4.8 billion for 41 regulatory agencies. The overriding concern, however, is not that $4.8 billion but the cost to business of complying with these federal regulations. A study by Murray Weidenbaum, a former Undersecretary of the Treasury who now heads Washington University's Center for the Study of American Business, found that compliance costs are generally 20 times greater than the government's regulatory budget.

Clearly, the appropriate level of regulation for our society can best be determined through cooperative effort among government, business, and the public. To get that effort off to the right start, representatives of each sector must dispense with the traditional rhetoric that tends to polarize viewpoints on the issue, and proposed regulations and regulatory structures must begin with a "zero-base budget" approach.

Ralph Nader
Consumer Advocate

Bonny Kraus

Regulation does not present a threat to the American economy; not regulating does. Health and safety standards are the best economic investment that we can make in this country. Every life and every limb we save, every disease that we prevent, represents not only a human achievement but also a reduction in the gigantically inflationary cost of medical and hospital care. The cost of neglecting health and safety requirements can be calculated in loss of worker productivity, and in such insurance costs as workmen's compensation.

The claim that regulation is costing business upwards of $100 billion is sheer nonsense. Not only are the figures as phony as a three-dollar bill, but they include none of the returns, such as public-health benefits.

Businessmen also complain that regulation stifles innovation. The exact opposite is true. EPA and OSHA regulations have stimulated tremendous innovation in health and safety products. In the September 14, 1978, issue of the *Journal of Commerce*, Eugene Melnitchenko, a vice-president at US Trust, Inc., observed that OSHA regulations had served as a great boon to chemical specialty companies, who are thriving in the detoxification business.

In fact, regulation provides the largest source of new jobs in industry today. Regulation has created perhaps a million jobs, and eliminated no more than 15 to 20,000.

Herbert Schmertz
Vice-President, Public Affairs
Mobil Oil Corporation

As an energy company, Mobil has experienced the never-never land of Catch-22 created by excessive government regulation. Consider these examples:

- In resolving electricity-generation needs, the nuclear option stands out as the best and most logical. Nuclear power is totally predictable; one can know exactly how much power will be available from a given facility at a given date. Its safety record is excellent, and there's little environmental disruption. But in spite of these virtues, conflicting and sometimes retroactive regulations have reduced orders for new installations from 44 in 1973 to only three in 1977. I know of none in 1978.
- EPA and other government regulators are making it extremely difficult to construct a new refinery or even expand an existing one. The permit-gathering process can easily take between 18 and 36 months, involving federal, state, and local agencies.

How to untangle the morass? First, the president should appoint a commission of citizens from outside government to review all federal regulations five years old or older. Second, legislation should be enacted to schedule the demise of all regulations and regulatory agencies whose charters have not been periodically renewed by Congress.

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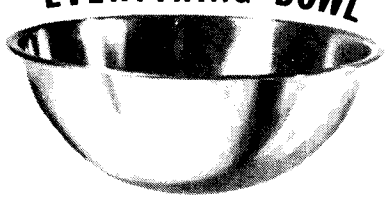

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Third, clear and unbiased "economic impact statements" should be required to spell out the effects on the economy of all new major regulations and legislation. Fourth, new standards of professional competence should be set for service on regulatory commissions. People with firsthand knowledge and experience of the industries involved should not be barred from service precisely because of these qualifications.

Edward M. Kennedy—Democratic Senator From Massachusetts

It is vital that Congress conduct a careful review of federal regulatory policy, guided by the principle that in a free society government regulation should be kept to a minimum; but it must also recognize that regulation may be necessary, particularly in matters affecting the health and safety of the American people. Congress has already begun the task, and the results to date are heartening. Last year we passed a bill to lift many of the antiquated and anticompetitive regulations governing the airline industry. Next year a top priority of Congress will be to extend this philosophy to the trucking industry.

For the past few years the Senate Health Subcommittee, which I chair, has been conducting hearings on the Food and Drug Act. This effort has produced legislation, to be considered in the next Congress, that would streamline the process by which drugs are reviewed and provide greater flexibility for the FDA to approve certain new, experimental drugs for use in controlled circumstances. At the same time it will extend the power of the agency to monitor the use of these drugs after they are on the market, to insure that there is no long-term adverse impact that could not be foreseen when the drug was approved.

Douglas Costle
Administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency

Regulators are not blithe spirits dashing off guidelines for the sheer joy of it. By and large, the rules we write stem from congressional mandates designed to safeguard legitimate economic and social values. But there is no excuse for the abuses that evolve from management failure or from the duplication, in-

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efficiency, and inconsistency too often associated with government.

To end these administrative problems, and the inflation that they cause, President Carter has established a Regulatory Council, made up of the top-line managers of the Executive Branch agencies having regulatory authority. The council, which I chair, will develop for public scrutiny and debate a comprehensive calendar of all planned government regulations, including our best estimates of their benefits and costs. In the process, we can identify and eliminate redundant rules and unnecessary requirements and red tape. We can also obtain a better understanding of the combined economic effects of several regulations on a specific industry or consumer group.

But we cannot afford to begin this task in an atmosphere of polarization and rhetoric. We need a serious debate in this country that recognizes the strengths of economic freedom *and* the need for governmental involvement.

Lloyd McBride—President, United Steelworkers of America

Snyder

The steel industry estimates that it will have to spend over $4 billion between now and 1985 on pollution control. Yet that is roughly one-tenth of what the industry figures it must spend on plant modernization and capacity expansion during those same years to continue growing and remain profitable.

Moreover, we should not lose sight of the fact that we are facing a mammoth health, social, and economic problem. A recent government study connects as many as 20 percent of all cancer deaths to occupational exposures.

But we need not rely on such cost-benefit justifications for protecting workplace and public health. Congress has rightly established as public policy the need to work toward removal, or at least minimization, of these hazards wherever possible from the plant environment, the surrounding air, the waterways, and other media. Congress has not required that action await cost-benefit analyses. Such a computation would not only waste time and money, but would yield inconclusive figures.

All this is not to say that regulations should not be cost-effective and feasible. Having defined the safe health level related to a particular pollutant, we must then find the best means of attaining it. Despite popular misconceptions, OSHA's health standards do reflect these criteria. EPA is bending over backwards to tailor its enforcement strategies to individual industries.

Jack Kemp—Republican Congressman From New York

The reason we have so much regulation these days is that the whole national "economic pie" has been shrinking. When this happens the bigger guys try to protect their share of the pie by pushing regulations in the name of helping the little guys, knowing that regulations always have the effect of squeezing and ultimately eliminating the competition.

The big oil companies can afford to hire the lawyers and accountants necessary to deal with complex energy regulations. The big retail chains have to pay high wages and guarantee warranties, so it is not only no skin off their noses to support high minimum wages and stiff warranty legislation; and it also eliminates the small competitors.

My advocacy of federal tax rate reduction, less government regulation, and a monetary standard to help end inflation addresses these problems indirectly, which is the only way I think they can be addressed effectively. Economic growth, I believe, is a prerequisite to ending most of these forms of unnecessary overregulation of the economy. When the pie is expanding, the big guys are so busy expanding by legitimate means, they have no time to urge the government to protect their share of the market via regulation.

Robert Lekachman Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, City University of New York

If corporate leaders were given to self-doubt or introspection, they might wonder why regulation of business has become so politically popular in a conservative society traditionally friendly to private enterprise. The answer is no mystery. With honorable exceptions, entrepreneurs paid little attention to the health and safety of their employees, the impact of their operations on the environment, the reliability of their products, and the truthfulness of their advertising, until Congress, spurred to action by an indignant public, created the flock of new regulatory agencies.

The size of the bills that have now begun to arrive measures the magnitude of past failures of corporate responsibility. They are, nevertheless, smaller than they seem. Much or even most of the cost represents one-time outlay, not a chronic financial burden.

In the jargon of economics, the new regulations compel businessmen to internalize external costs. This is to say, fewer workers and customers will be damaged by their conditions of work and the defects of products they buy. Their health will be better, their working lives longer, and their medical bills smaller as a result. Like any sensible community aspiring toward a reasonably civilized mode of life, Americans are grasping some of the gains of technical progress in the shape of cleaner air and water, attractive scenery, decent workplaces, and safe consumer goods.

I have more faith in private enterprise than some businessmen appear to possess. I am convinced that our corporations, once they accept this new entrepreneurial challenge, can comply with sensible regulatory requirements, win public support for revision of really unfair regulations, and still profit.

John W. Hanley—Chairman and President, Monsanto Company

Regulation injects new uncertainties into the already risky business of innovation. Regulatory approvals can take so long that millions in sales may be lost, along with the competitive lead. Worst of all, a product can be banned on flimsy evidence, wiping out the fruits of innovation for both designer and user.

Take the agricultural chemical industry, for instance. The trend in innovation has been clearly downward since the early 1970s when the Environmental Protection Agency was formed and the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act amended.

Monsanto's own Roundup herbicide was developed in 1970 after 15 years of research. It was 1975 before the product received U.S. approval for use with any major grain crops. The company has waited three more years for approval for use with other crops.

The irony is that regulation has slowed the introduction of a pesticide that is environmentally more attractive than many of those now on the market. Although Roundup herbicide destroys perennial weeds right down to the roots, it is about as toxic as table salt. It breaks down quickly in the soil, won't migrate to adjacent areas, and leaves no residue in the crops. ◉

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LOOKOUTS

Laser Art

That holography, or laser photography, is still in its adolescence renders it no less fascinating, and no less likely to become an art. A hologram, which can best be described as a three-dimensional image of light, is created when a laser is shot onto a piece of film. It may be a still-life encased in a pendant, or a holographic movie wrapped in a cylinder (or half-cylinder) which moves as you move by it.

One of the most disconcerting signs of its pubescence is the problem of color. William Buckley in red and green (flesh tones are not yet in the holographic spectrum) is a little distressing. But laser-photography devotees are busily expanding its horizons.

Dave Barefoot, of the Museum of Holography, holds up "Kiss II."

The Museum of Holography in New York has an exciting new exhibit of works by the grant recipients of the 1977 Cabin Creek Work and Environmental Studies Artist-in-Residence Program. The show, on view until February 25, includes not only projects by veteran holographers (some of whom have been trying to solve the color problem), but also pieces by veteran artists who have never before worked with this space-age art.

Weather Sensitives

Are you irritable, easily depressed, shy? If your shrink, astrologist, or priest is unable to explain why, you might try consulting your local weatherman. You may be reacting to an invasion of warm fronts, cold winds, or a vast assortment of meteorological conditions. According to Stephen Rosen, author of *Weathering* (M. Evans), all humans are, to varying degrees, weather-sensitive; that is, our moods and health are tangibly affected by changes in the air, winds, and water. The text of *Weathering* is accompanied by charts of such things as Symptoms of Weather-Sensitivity, The Health Consequences of Winds, and Clothing Insulation Required for Comfort.

Rosen is convinced that there's no limit to the power of weather. In a somewhat unorthodox and questionably documented analysis of Abraham Lincoln, he attributes the President's political success to his resistance to "the external suasions of air mass and temperatures." Lincoln, says the author, was but one in a long line of weather-sensitive souls that included Byron, Columbus, Diderot, Hugo, Milton, Montesquieu, Mozart, Nietzsche, and da Vinci. Rosen has also concocted a do-it-yourself test so that you, too, may determine how you fare or foul up under the weather's influence.

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JACK VARTOOGIAN

Alwin Nikolais (USA) and Mhlangabezi Vundla (Kenya)

Dance Rights

Over 130 choreographers and their associates, representing 28 nations, recently assembled in New York City for the first international Choreographers' Conference, sponsored by the Conseil International de la Dance (CIDD), UNESCO. Meetings were held over a period of four days in mid-November at the United Nations and at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. Among the presiding officers were Her Royal Highness Princess Christina of Sweden and Bengt Hager, president of the CIDD.

Topics ranged from the need to institute more comprehensive dance copyrights to the preservation of traditional dances on film and with notation. America's Agnes de Mille spoke eloquently on the plight of choreographers from other lands, urged better copyright protection, and proposed the initiation of some specific new rights—the right to final approval of casting, and the right to withdraw a work from a dance company that no longer performs it acceptably, for instance.

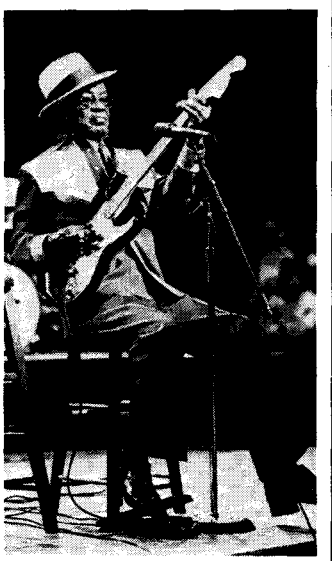
Discussion also focused upon the crippling expenses of production and travel for dance groups, problems that are hard on new nations, particularly African, whose budgets for the arts are limited. At the close of the conference, Mr. Hager characterized the sessions as "all we had hoped for, a general inventory of problems facing choreographers. At our next meeting, to be held a year from now, probably in either Ghana or Kenya, we will present solutions."

Moonshine Music

The heart of country music may still throb in Nashville, but more than a little soul can be found deep in the heart of Texas. And you can share some of it when Public Television's *Austin City Limits* returns for 13 weeks of refined moonshine music on February 5.

Now in its fourth season, each one-hour show is a composite of two concerts taped at the University of Texas in the studios of KLRN-TV. Earlier programs featured such good ole boys as Willie Nelson, Merle Travis, and Earl Scruggs, but the new series will make room for the talents of Taj Mahal, Tom T. Hall, Gerry Reed, Lightnin' Hopkins (below), to name only a few.

The music spotlighted in the series, dubbed the "Austin Sound," is a mixture of traditional country and rock, with dashes of gospel, folk, blues, and ballads. It's a smooth blend—Southern mash, without the kick.



Scott (inset), and Season Hubley as street girl Niki

Scott in Pornland

George C. Scott just couldn't be squeezed into the roles of Spats Baxter (producer) and Gloves Malloy (kindly trainer of delivery-boy-turned-boxer) in *Movie Movie*. He needs something more than a parody of Thirties films to sink his character into.

Hardcore (Columbia Pictures) may be one of those somethings. In this A-Team Production, Scott is Jake VanDorn, a Dutch Calvinist (old hardcore) midwestern furniture manufacturer who has lost his daughter to the pornography underworld (new hardcore). With true Calvinist determination he enters the dark web of porn and, inevitably, his comfortable black-and-white world is shattered into the innumerable, conflicting shades of reality.

Director Paul Schrader, who slapped us awake with his screenplay of *Taxi Driver*, is trying to make us see VanDorn as a man of values, not a buffoon, the violent porn jungle as something more than a community of bestial creatures. In other words, to make us see it as the shifting, complex world it is.

Success Potion

In any Neil Simon script, only two characters matter—the boy and the girl, who, by fate and a little manipulation, find that their happily-ever-afters include each other. Maybe that's what Simon was thinking when he wrote *They're Playing Our Song*, which has a cast of two, the boy (Robert Klein) and the girl (Lucie Arnaz). Now at the Ahmanson Theatre in Los Angeles, the musical begins previews in New York on February 2 (regular performances start February 8). With the mix of the familiar Simon formula (*The Goodbye Girl, Chapter Two*), the music of Marvin Hamlisch, and the direction of Robert Moore (whose *Promises, Promises* and *Deathtrap* show that he's found his own success formula), the producers have no worries. Even the highest brows can enjoy an old-fashioned, well-executed love story.

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The Author and His Image

by J.P Donleavy

AN AUTHOR IS always unconsciously fighting for an image and, when he gets one, consciously fighting against it. But an image is often the most important endowment he can have. And a novelist usually has made his long before someone meets him. By his picture on a book jacket, or in a newspaper for drunkenly socking a headwaiter on the jaw, or just by rumors that he has recently been released from the institution.

But most times folk see him as the autobiographical hero of what he's written. Avid readers of *A Singular Man* might think that I am reclusive, rich, lonely, and sad but with a private part two feet long. And readers of *The Onion Eaters* may wonder if I'm in my damp Irish castle, overwhelmed by uninvited guests, plaster, and other matters falling from the ceiling, rats nibbling at my shoelaces, as I sit in front of a turf fire bemused by my three testicles. When folk had warning that the author of *The Ginger Man* was coming to their house, the furniture would be screwed down, the drink locked up, and the key to the wife's chastity belt hidden.

However, the author starts out with no image at all except his burning sincerity, determination, and dedication, and perhaps an occasional fist shook in a scorning relative's face, that by God he's going to be rich and famous. A legend in his lifetime. The author of a paragraph that school children may have to memorize to get into college. His female readers tucked up in corners of the world on lonely beds, reliving the words of that writer reclusively somewhere who has such a beautiful or such an extremely dirty mind. To whom such sad and obscene things must have happened. And they, had they known him, those years ago, would have realized that, as he scooped up his fudge sundae at the local candy store, even the way he held his spoon reeked with destiny.

An author really begins with an image of himself. As a lonely ignored hero to a private public he carries around in his mind. Who clap, cheer, and encourage. To get him through the unknown years. And speak an unspoken answer to all the voices saying, who do you think you are, Proust or something. He thinks he is Balzac. Because he owes for last month's rent and yesterday's hashish. His close friends plant careful seeds of despair in his openhearted yearning for recognition. By someone. Preferably sitting on an editorial throne of judgment, surrounded by unabridged dictionaries. But instead this someone happens to be the best-known literary gossip writer on the biggest serious newspaper. Who as he dismisses one more pompous best-selling novelist just flown into town, ends his column saying he has just read a manuscript of promise delivered by hand to his club. A young man obviously writing under duress, just north of 233rd Street in the Bronx, and especially deserving of a foundation grant. And on this dream the author hibernates.

Till the unbelievable one day he wakes up for good, when he is finally published. The book does not soar into the stratosphere. That's the place where people think you sit overlooking the Plaza Fountain taking noonday breakfast with the waiter plugging in the phone to take your calls from the Coast with your Louis Roederer and scrambled eggs. But alas for this author a major silence of five years descends. Of distant voices saying to one another hey you ought to read this book.

AND ONE DAY you meet one of these voices. Which says are you really him, just standing here in your moccasins in the supermarket on Columbus Avenue and West 70th Street, with two cans of frozen orange juice, powdered coffee, salami, and a jar of stuffed olives. I mean gee isn't everyone dying to know you. Aren't you crowded out of your mind with tour dates and seminars. I mean holy cow don't you know who you are.

With this incident you rush 110 yards home to sit and think. Squeaking in the wicker chair in your begrimed bay window. Three solid hours next to an unringing phone. My God I was recognized. Someone knew me. And I saw her ashen-faced tell her husband as I left. And they watched me carrying the specially reduced bargains. They're going to think I haven't got a pot to piss in. That my book that didn't sell, didn't sell. And now the people who didn't buy it will never buy it. The writer blundering into his first taste of fame.

The image he unconsciously or consciously tries to wear is the one that sells books. And it's not easy to know which image does that. But the experimental struggle to find out is immense. If it called for mounting a horse tophatted and pink-coated and chasing a fox across New Jersey most authors would risk their necks, and would be followed closely by their tweed-suited publishers commandeering an ambulance, photographers in attendance. But what the author really wants is not to be out there, face flushed, hustling in the marketplace. But to be seen quietly, just recognizable by candlelight, solemnly dining with an adoring, stunning woman, with the word whispered through the swank hotel's lobby, he's in there, boy just look at those chamois gloves he wears to eat his lobster.

In the hurrying world no image lasts for long. And the practice of private elegance becomes little comfort with book emporiums returning books to the publisher. The author in his economic rejection sets out to commune with nature. Next year he will sell his deep sincerity acquired contemplating in an uninhabited mountain range in Utah. He's only bitten once by a rattlesnake, poisoned twice by ivy, and chased three times by a grizzly bear. And 18 months and one wife later we see him on his next book jacket. Standing in front of his isolated mountainside cabin. Built with local logs with his own two bare hands. Smoke curling from the chimney. His most recent wife a Bryn Mawr graduate holding her jar of homemade wild blackberry jam in the doorway. Both grinning with the outdoor purity of it all. Her name is Martha. She summers at the Vineyard. Her father is an investment banker. She was born and bred in Boston. And she's the initial M in the most recent novel's dedication. To M, who stood by. Who's been deeply interested in and profoundly in-

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ALBERT COLLETT

fluenced by the Far East. There are photographs to prove it. Of her newly shaved head and the saffron nightdress she wears for evening cocktails. Until just recently. She tried on a pair of horns. When she discovered the Hopi Indians.

Not much of the author's image is seen these days. But his wife is frequently quoted in her interviews about the goddamn trouble she's having with her husband's meddling in her first novel. At which she works feverishly while, she complains, he spends his days, feet propped up on their tropical fish tank, the television blaring, with a six-pack of beer by his chair, reading movie magazines while proclaiming his admiration for ditch-digging Austrian women. Because at long last the neighborhood loners and the smart kids in colleges are beginning to read his books and the royalties are trickling in.

The fan letters come. Some of adulation. Others disconcerted because not one of their friends has ever heard of you. One offers you the rights to his life story. The author takes comfort that he has sprinkled a little magic in these distant lives. That makes their voices speak back. And you know that your own voice has been heard. Even by a young woman who's read everything you've written. She sees in you a sad dispossessed heart like her own. Ready to take gymnastic advantage of her measurements, 37-27-37. She presently resides in an elegant mental institution, listening to Brahms as she writes. She thinks you are a bit of a phony but someday she'd like to meet you, drink champagne, and read Pushkin together.

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BY NOW THE author's first book is acclaimed. His second reprinted. His third adapted for the stage and produced on Broadway. And to keep the pot simmering his image is overhauled. He is now the most famous non-selling, unknown best-selling underground author in the world. Little legends begin appearing on the copyright page. Seventh printing. Ninth printing. Literary gossips whisper, hoping it isn't true, hey this guy must be getting rich. The critics are waiting. For his fourth book. To pan this affluent author who served no public penance for his growing sales and fame. Who now has a secretary waiting, legs crossed, pencil poised in case he wants to sue someone. His second lawsuit will soon be going to court. Someone's named a restaurant after one of his books. His horse kicked an anti-bloodsports enthusiast. And the legal bills flood in.

Somehow the author blames the reflection of his heartfelt words that lie wounded on the page. Which make him look like a pushover. Publishers say look at all that serious adoration he's getting, what the hell does he need to reserve all his subsidiary rights for, too. Anyway, our warranty clause will make him pay for all our costs in that last legal action. On the next book jacket the writer insists on being seen scowling. His two eyes staring out from the page say I'll get you yet, you son of a bitch. He also wants to be photographed with a submachine gun across his knees so his former wife Martha and her lawyers will get the message. That nobody is going to take half his royalties plus his Mercedes station wagon, Connecticut country house, and 16 Arab horses.

But members of his own profession. They see him on Easy Street. Able to buy first-class plane tickets and champagne for the dazzling girl who sits next to him on the way to Mexico. To whom he's thought to say gallantly, my car's meeting me at the airport can I give you a lift. And in case you want to see my private island my yacht is getting up steam to sail.

There is another contingent who has a different picture of you. And they don't like your image one damn bit. They live in nice little white houses. With nice little watered green lawns. With wives who comb their hair back straight and wear earrings on Saturday nights when other wives just like them with two children, four and six, come to dinner. Their husbands have cozy dens with pipe racks and paperbacks where they dissect you. And while keeping your name off the bulletin boards at school, make sure you get the dismissed reputation they think you deserve. These are the academics. They are sure you cannot do without them. Because they are certain you want desperately to hear that word masterpiece. And they might just, if only you'd answer their letters, be on the verge of saying it. But for the time being they must reserve judgment because they understand you can't spell and do not know who wrote the *Decameron*.

So the author's image as it glows, or glowers, waxes briefly and wanes again. A strange star in a familiar solar system. Until people sidle up at the cocktail party, look you carefully up and mostly down. Desperately wanting to remind you. That all you are is a human being. But what are you working on now. The question means don't think you can afford to rest your laurels on those other old-hat books you wrote.

The author ends as he began. Alone. Locked up in his own tiny world. Haunted a little by the ricochets of all the accumulated images.

The author affects a departing stance, that he's just a microsecond in town from his East Hampton summer house. Their eyes narrow, they pluck the stuffed olive off the toothpick and chew while their eyes mist over with a genuine concern for your career. Which always means do you think you've shot your bolt. Which in turn means does the author think he is still capable of sexual intercourse.

SUDDENLY THE TIME'S come yet again for the author to present yet another image. Of his bulging bicep when he's seen shaking hands with prize fighters. Or even demonstrating how fast and hard he can hit with a right hook. He comes mornings in the altogether skipping rope out of his bedroom. The new wife Helga, from the Cincinnati proletariat and a graduate of Ohio State, keeps the shades down so the neighbors won't see what a nut she thinks he's making out of himself. But he's telling the world that if someone gets hit in one of his books, that the punch might have been delivered from the still powerful muscles of the author. Who has plenty of uppercuts and right hooks left. And even at the advanced age of 46 can go two consecutive rounds in the ring. With any other two-fisted writer you care to mention.

By such machinations the author hopes to keep his public guessing. And despite his headline dissipations he is still far from needing handouts on the geriatric comeback trail. Nor has he yet been driven as they'd all like to see him go, to the light chocolate-colored walls of the boardinghouse room. From whence he will hobble unshaven to sell blood every time a manuscript is rejected by a publisher.

But still now, creeping into latter middle age, there's an image left, carefully cultivated and lurking behind each novel the writer publishes. And that is the novel, not yet ready, that he never publishes. Which, when it is, will turn the tide, already slowly beginning to wash the author right out of one *Who's Who* after another. This is the big book. The one the author has always secretly been working on. Kept behind bars in packing cases in the basement of the Federal Reserve Bank at 33 Liberty Street. The major work, the deeply serious one for which the author had all the warm-up publications. Behind a door weighing 90 tons, it sits there in a subterranean vault, five hundred thousand words safe from critics and beyond the checkbook blandishments of publishers. Any moment now, the last orgy of work upon it will be begun. When finally published journalists will take off their typewriter covers and say, here at long last, after all those awful potboilers, the germ of promise sown so many years ago now blossoms to make us tremble in our tracks with the rumble of printing presses.

But the author ends as he began. If ever he did begin. Pained in isolation. Pained by glad facing among the cocktails. Further away than ever from the kindred souls to whom he sent the songs he sings. Alone. Again locked up in his own tiny world. Haunted a little by the ricochets of all the accumulated images. Fading as they come back to tempt yet another change. And hoping to sell another book. But you know no matter what you do the world will always finally turn its face away. Back into all its own troubled lives. Busy to be seen with a new pair of shoes and heard with another author's name. Forgetting what you wanted them to see. Silent with what you wanted them to say. And empty with what you wanted them to feel.

Except somewhere you know there will be a voice. At least once asking. Hey what happened to that guy, did he die, you know the one, who wrote that book, can't remember his name but he was as famous as hell. That was the author. And that was his image. ◉

American-born novelist, playwright, and short-story writer, J. P. Donleavy is best known for The Ginger Man.

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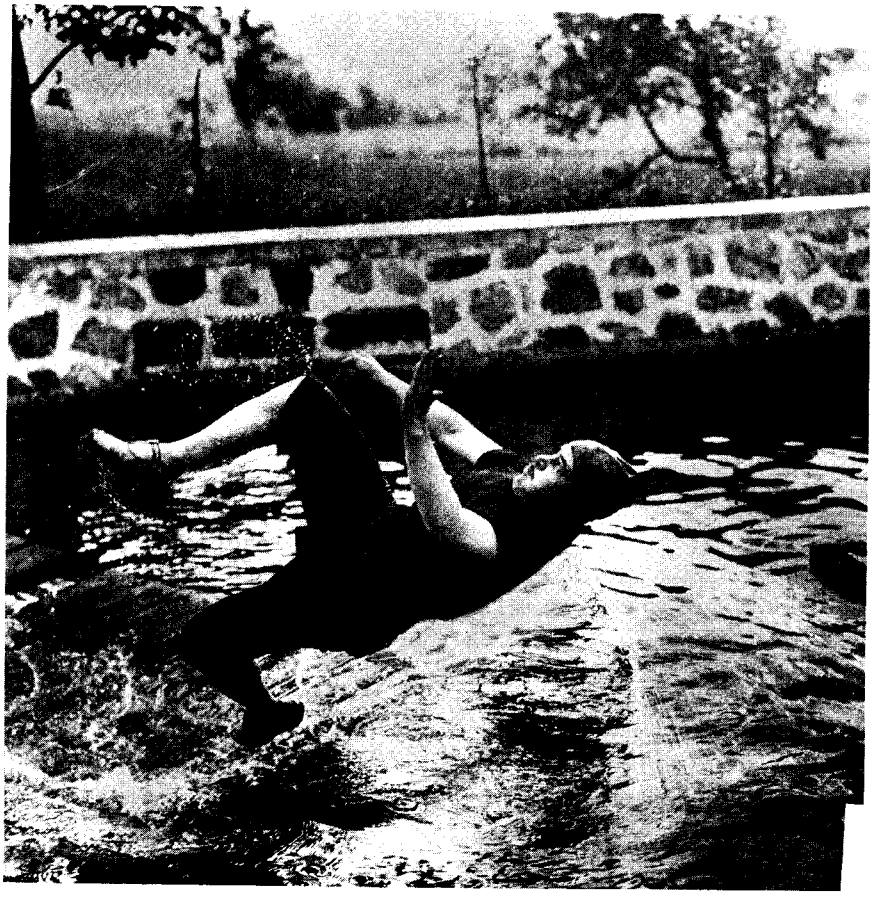


LARTIGUE

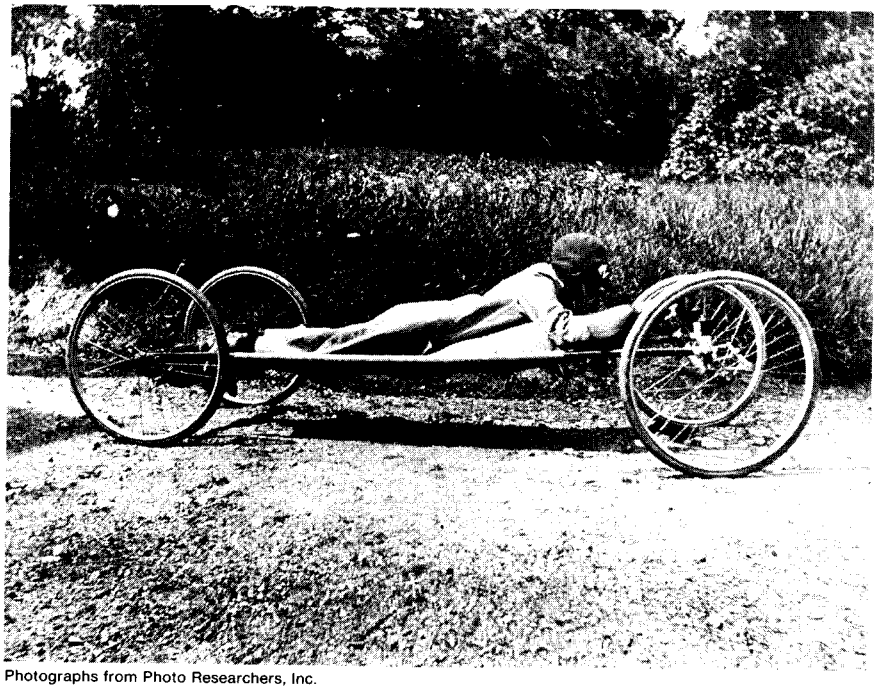
by Owen Edwards

BEFORE THE New Year's spirit of *tabula rasa* vanishes completely, I'm granting myself an indulgence: to write about someone for no particular reason other than admiration.

The subject in question is Jacques Henri Lartigue, a true child of photography, a joyous perceiver and recorder of life who took his first picture in 1901—a charming vision of his handsome father and mother—and his most recent, I hope, yesterday.

From the beginning, Lartigue was special, clearly a child infused with joy, surrounded by a family bent on utilizing the advantages of money in the most blissfully selfish ways. At the age of six, the adored young son was given a camera of his own by his amateur-photographer father. He had already encountered his father's marvelous machine, a little epiphany he later wrote about: "Papa lifts me up under the black cloth to let me see the portrait he is going to take. A picture ... very soon it will be printed and then it's a photograph. At this moment it's a beautiful little tableau—upside down and with all those marvelous colors—on the frosted glass. Alive! Almost more enchanting and clear than the reality I was staring at."

By the time Lartigue was four, watching his father carefully pose his mother on the beach in Deauville, Mathew Brady and company had long since produced the first organized documentation of war, Nadar and Cameron had set the standards for serious portraiture, and Daguerre's process had flooded the world with thin metallic slices of time and self-delusion. Across Western America, O'Sullivan and Jackson had catalogued the landscapes of America's destiny, and into China and India photographers had followed empire-builders as missionaries had followed the Conquistadores. The camera had learned to observe, interpret, enshrine,



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and lie quite persuasively. What it had not yet learned was to have fun, to dance along with the music of life. This is what Lartigue taught it, and what his pictures are teaching us still.

Little Jacques Henri was not the inventor of the snapshot—Thomas Eakins and others had dabbled in semi-spontaneous pictures, and there are a million attics to be explored before the last word will be in. But the boy was surely the Mozart of that offhand and whimsical form, infusing his pictures with a childish glee and wide-eyed belief that the halcyon days would never turn cold. Lartigue thought of his pictures as illustrations for a diary, a visual journal to match his avid written observations: "We are back in Paris. There is noise, excitement ... and so many things to be photographed!" Lartigue looked through his ground glass at the world round him (the privileged world of a prosperous family) and found it grand. From his first photograph of his mother and father, Lartigue has penetrated moments like a laser. With his clumsy box camera he captured sisters and cousins and brothers and maids and uncles, bouncing balls, bounding down stone steps, falling off bicycles, skating.

His words are as lyrical as the pictures. Next to what must surely be one of the most irresistible photographs ever made—of a derby-hatted and equanimous gentleman in a dark suit, as perfect as a bad statue, throwing a fox terrier out over the muddy water of a stream—the following entry appears: "Paris, 1912. Papa is a big businessman. His favorite secretary is M. Folletête, whom I call 'M. Plitt.' He always has a very serious expression on his face, but he is full of funny, amusing, and surprising ideas. Papa loves that...." In the picture the surprising M. Plitt is apparently demonstrating that he can teach his dog Tupy to leap a brook by heaving him across a few times.

Lartigue's photographs do not compete with one another; they are a happy family. For me, however, there is one group that stands out. Around 1910, the young teenager lugged his camera to the Bois de Boulogne and lay in wait for a prey no doubt very much on his mind. "*She:* the well-dressed, fashionable, eccentric, elegant, ridiculous or beautiful woman I'm waiting for. You can spot her from far away, in the midst of all the other people, just as you can immediately spot a golden pheasant when it's surrounded by chickens. There she comes! I am timid... I tremble a little. Twenty meters ... ten meters ... five meters ... *click*!"

Out of these rash, excited, probably lustful forays were created an alluring series of prototypical studies—the woman of fashion in the fashion capital of the cosmos, gloriously at one with herself, bearer of something very near sanctity (though not far from absurdity), walking along a part of the

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Bois nicely named the Path of Virtue. These numinous creatures, with their gigantic hats and tiny dogs, merciless shoes and flowing furs, must have peopled Lartigue's imagination brightly; seven decades later they remain sensuously alive in his pictures: There is still the soft rustle of silk, the vaguest whiff of rosewater, occasionally even the ineffable hint, in a carefully composed face, of the tiresome, bittersweet effort of being a woman and French. The pictures are as haunting as those of his contemporary, the already famous Steichen, and they prefigure the elegant striders of Munkacsi and Avedon that were to revolutionize fashion photography in the Thirties and Forties.

Somehow, Lartigue's eye has never dimmed nor grown bored. Day after day, year after year, the pictures have retained wonder as their leitmotif. World War I air battles and the 1944 liberation of Paris were recorded as the onrushing energy of history, and somehow the death of a grandfather and the birth of a grandson are fitted unselfconsciously into the continuum of a single sensibility. Lartigue has seen generations come and go, and has used his camera as a witness to those things that have mattered most to him. Returning in 1951 to the theme of his first photograph, made 49 years earlier, Lartigue posed his parents again, a tiny old couple on the avenue Victor Hugo, still touching as they had years before, in black wool overcoats now slightly too large, looking perhaps with sweet tolerance at the son they'd seen so many times with his camera. "Somehow I feel that this will be my last photo of my parents. They will not be here long to pose again."

A few months ago, looking through the pictures of a discerning collector named Sam Wagstaff, I came upon a print made in 1976 by Lartigue, by that time 82 years old. On a sun-dazzled beach in Brittany four elements—a leaping Alsatian hound, a dog biscuit caught in the amber of time just between his widespread jaws, a wet poodle looking on, and a young boy, arms flexed in manly display and light glinting off his blond hair—come together for a masterful quartet dedicated to the delicious serendipity of living. Viking/Penguin has recently reissued, in a smaller format than the 1970 original, *Diary of a Century* ($27.50 cloth, $8.95 paper), a wonderful collection largely impelled into print and edited by Richard Avedon. In the first pictures in the book, Lartigue is shown as a smiling six-year-old walking in the woods with two watchful aunts, clutching his first magical camera. The picture is an inadvertent double exposure; faintly visible, a squad of helmeted cavalry is on parade. It is as if we are seeing a young boy's fabulous daydreams, and from that day on, Lartigue has offered us nothing less. ◉

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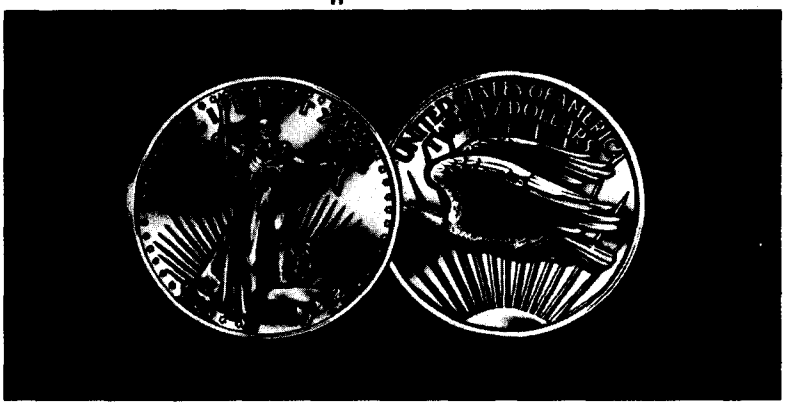

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TELEVISION

Rootless Mini-series

by Karl E. Meyer

What are the roots that clutch,
what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images....
"The Waste Land"

AGAINST ALL probability, T.S. Eliot sprang to mind as I watched the powerful first episode of *Roots: The Next Generations*, a story that touches far closer to home than the original series. We are no longer in the slaveholding era, but in Tennessee during Reconstruction, the time of Jim Crow's birth, when the freedmen were kept in bondage by law, custom, and violence. Here, indeed, in Eliot's words, is a shadow under a red rock, where one finds fear in a handful of dust.

As with last year's *Roots*, ABC's sequel will be shown on eight successive nights in mid-February. The first installments of Alex Haley's family saga were critically and justly acclaimed, and broke all ratings records, a hard act to equal. But judging from the opening episode and from excerpts of the rest of the series, *Roots II* is as compelling as the original, a superlative melodrama that will hold, startle, and even shock.

In a real sense, both *Roots* could be classified as dramatic allegory; they are in essence television equivalents of the medieval morality play. The productions are neither fact nor fiction, but rather didactic popular entertainments in which the characters behave less as individuals than as personifications of good and evil, of caste and class. What gives the dramas their peculiar power is their evocation of a satanic reality that haunts our past as much as Adam's fall haunted the medieval Everyman.

America's Not-Ready-for-Prime-Time Novelists (Incomplete List)

Saul Bellow
Willa Cather
John Cheever
James Fenimore Cooper
Stephen Crane
John Dos Passos
Theodore Dreiser
William Faulkner
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Nathaniel Hawthorne
Ernest Hemingway
William Dean Howells
Henry James
Sinclair Lewis
Jack London
Norman Mailer
Herman Melville
Frank Norris
John Steinbeck
Harriet Beecher Stowe
Mark Twain
Nathanael West
Edith Wharton

We are thus willing to accept a degree of simplification and even sentimentalism, because we know that what the allegory is saying is true, and niggling over details is beside the point.

Like its predecessor, *Roots II* fuses moral passion with high craftsmanship. Producer Stan Margulies has once again assembled an outstanding cast, filled with talented blacks who lend conviction to a sometimes implausible plot. Drawing liberally on Haley's research, Ernest Kinoy has shaped a literate script strongly seasoned with racial vernacular. It is a measure of our moral progress, however halting, that we wince a little at words that were once commonplace, and not just in the South: "yaller," "pickaninny," "darky."

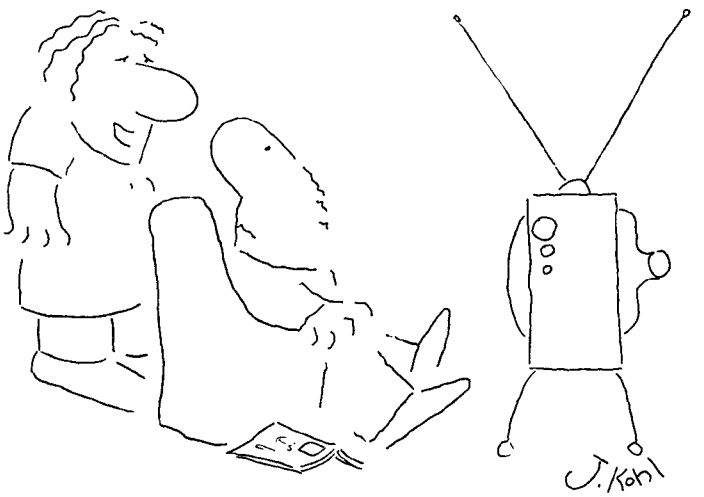
Roots II picks up where *Roots* left off: in 1882, just 12 years after Chicken George settled his family on a hilltop farm in Henning, Tennessee. As the aging patriarch, Avon Long adds a jaunty pathos to Ben Vereen's portrayal of the same character in *Roots*.

But the solid anchor in the new series is provided by Georg Stanford Brown as blacksmith Tom Harvey, son of Chicken George and great-grandson of the African slave Kunta Kinte. Baffled by the perplexities of Reconstruction, and a half-tyrant head of the family, Harvey evinces a pride and prejudice that find an ironic counterpoint in the no less unyielding Colonel Warner (Henry Fonda), the town's white overlord.

When his daughter (Debbie Morgan) falls in love with a light-skinned Negro (Brian Mitchell), Tom Harvey furiously disapproves on grounds of color, just as Colonel Warner, with even more vehemence, disowns his younger son (Richard Thomas) for daring to marry a black schoolteacher (Fay Hauser). So persuasive is the acting (with an honorable mention to Olivia de Havilland as the colonel's lady) that we accept the unlikely decision of the colonel's son and his black bride to remain in Henning as part of the Negro community.

To cavil at the arbitrary symmetry of *Roots* is to deny the rightful license of the artist. Judged as a whole, rather than by its parts, *Roots II* compels us to view an entire epoch—including two world wars and the birth of the civil rights movement—from the vantage of the oppressed. As an American morality play, it is worthy of its predecessor. It both redeems and shames the medium on which it appears.

If the present imperatives of television had prevailed five years ago, I strongly doubt that any network would have taken the risk of translating an un-



"I went to the doctor today. We're going to have a spinoff!"

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published novel by a (then) obscure author into a big-budget mini-series (*Roots* reportedly cost some $6 million, and its sequel came in at around $18 million).

Someone at ABC sensed the potential of a series based on Alex Haley's search for his ancestry in the common grass. (When that person is conclusively identified, an award is in order.) In those years, ABC was in a high-risk mood, willing to attempt anything to rise from the ignominy of being persistently number three behind CBS and NBC.

The very notion of a novel-for-television, or a mini-series, was a brave departure, even though British television had pioneered the form, which we have been importing for many years. Nevertheless, ABC took a flier on Leon Uris's *QB VII* and Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man* in 1975 and 1976. Both proved a ratings success, and prepared the way for the first *Roots*, which unpredictably became the most popular entertainment program in television history, attracting over 130 million viewers.

Roots confirmed that the average viewer was "mature" enough for a network serial television adaptation of a work of fiction. But it was now taken for granted, despite the *Roots* phenomenon, that the same viewer was not quite ready for anything but a mini-series based on a best-selling novel. Thus we have gotten from the networks and from Operation Prime Time (an ad hoc consortium of commercial stations) the works of such as Taylor Caldwell, Irving Wallace, Harold Robbins, Arthur Hailey, James Michener, Howard Fast, to name a few. What nearly all the novels have in common is that they are written by brand-name authors and, more important, make minimal demands on the imagination. (There are exceptions: NBC, for instance, is readying for broadcast next spring a dramatization of James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*, but I wonder how this searing portrayal of the Chicago Irish will fare on prime time.)

Implicit in the network attitude is the view that most Americans are simply not yet ready for the great works of literature (see list). This outlook was articulated by Fred Pierce, president of ABC television, in an interview with the editors of *Broadcasting* (November 13, 1978). Asked if his network would ever broadcast Shakespeare, Pierce responded that the playwright "belongs on public television," adding with unwarranted sarcasm, "They seem to do everything else from overseas." If we must depend on PTV for British-produced Shakespeare, it is because Pierce & co. seem to believe we can't appreciate the best.

When Pierce dismisses Shakespeare as unthinkable, he is using shorthand for every Western author of consequence in the past five centuries—Tolstoy and Twain, Cervantes and Mann, Balzac and Ibsen. It is left to public television to produce Eugene O'Neill's trilogy, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, or a mini-series based on Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (scheduled for this spring). And what is most odd about the network attitude is that there is more authentic sex and passion, more blood and thunder, in a chapter by a Hemingway or a Malraux than in the entire works of Harold Robbins, so overloaded with catsup and Kinsey. There is, moreover, a simple financial fact: A whole library of masterpieces is in the public domain.

Just conceivably—stranger things have happened—the *Roots* phenomenon may have its message for the massas who govern the video plantation: The common American is not inherently stupid and, given the chance, can be emancipated from an exclusive diet of tripe. No doubt it would be a difficult learning experience for our master class to treat us as potential equals, but the effort itself might enhance self-respect in the executive suite. ◉

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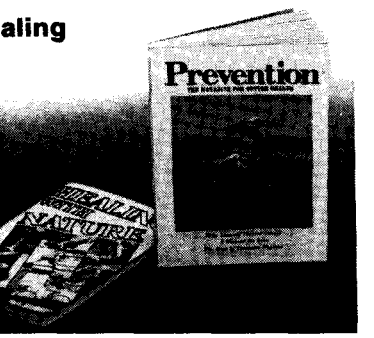

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

De los Angeles's First Stage Carmen

by Irving Kolodin

ALMOST, BUT not quite, too late in her memorable career, Victoria de los Angeles, after eight years' absence from the theater, recently achieved her lifelong ambition of performing Carmen on the stage. The great event occurred on November 4, 1978, not at the Met or elsewhere in New York, but across the river in Newark, in the building now called Symphony Hall, where the New Jersey State Opera performs.

To say that the result repaid the effort to cross the Hudson is to flirt with understatement. On records, the voice of de los Angeles in the famous version of Bizet's opera conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham has had a worldwide public since 1960. From the moment of her first appearance on the spacious stage of the Newark theater (known to patrons of the early "talkies" as the Mosque), she added to memory of that sound the visual values without which *Carmen* has no Carmen—charm, allure, physical beauty, and above all, confidence in her power to attract any man who catches her fancy, and her heart.

Nor was there any need for her to strive, as do some other performers of the part, to prove her Spanish temperament—her father and mother took care of that long ago. How long ago being a matter of public record, it is no breach of confidence to mention that she celebrated her 55th birthday in the same week as she celebrated the fulfillment of her ambition to be seen as well as heard as Carmen.

The quality of her voice could be expressed as a glass half full or half empty. To my ears, de los Angeles's vocal glass is half full of art, and completely empty of artifice. This gives her much more to work with, in subtlety, nuance, and vocal coloration, than many performers with twice her volume.

Further to the point, it is a voice with which de los Angeles has made her mark as Jules Massenet's Manon, as Claude Debussy's Mélisande, as Marguerite in Charles Gounod's *Faust*, and as perhaps the best performer in our time of Ernest Chausson's *Poème de l'amour et de la mer.* All of these accomplishments, across a broad range of French music, gave her access to the refinement and finesse in Bizet's score to a degree that has seldom been combined with such superb enunciation.

De los Angeles, in short, is an outstandingly accomplished performer of French music who also happens to be

Victoria de Los Angeles—her "artistry, variety of sound, and strength of feeling are beyond duplication."

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Spanish, rather than a Spanish soprano belatedly bringing her native knowledge of the subject to a musical style in which she is a novice.

One of the better-known Spanish Carmens, Maria Gay, went in for an earthy realism that had little to do with Bizet; another, the great Conchita Supervia died too early (in 1936, at 40) to leave behind more than a tantalizing sample of vocal character contained in a few vividly recorded arias.

What time has taken from de los Angeles in vocal strength is beyond denial; but what life has given to her in artistry, variety of sound, and strength of feeling is, equally, beyond duplication. She had enough of both insight and output to convey Carmen's insinuation to Don José, especially in her singing of the "Habañera" and the "Séguedille" in Act I, as well as "Je vais danser en votre honneur" in Act II. The "Card Scene" of Act III was more than a shade too light in sound, the last act dramatically vivid, somewhat understated vocally.

Where de los Angeles triumphed was in her characterization of Carmen as a woman who is a maid as well as a minx, a mixture not often encountered in conventional Carmens, who are all hoyden and no heart. But, as Carl Van Vechten has written (in *The Music of Spain*, published in 1918), their behavior may be quite different from one circumstance to another. He quotes from George Borrow's *The Zincali*, written in the 1800s:

> It is lawful amongst them, nay praiseworthy, to be obscene, in look, gesture and discourse, to be accessories to vice, and to stand by and laugh at the worst abominations of the Busné [non-gypsies]... provided their *Lácha ye trupos* or corporeal chastity remains unblemished.

When, in Act II, Carmen confides to her incredulous fellow-smugglers that she is "amoureuse" ("in love") there is, in de los Angeles's attitude and expression, neither the mockery nor the self-deprecation assumed by some other performers of the part. The handsome Don José (well suggested, dramatically, by James King as the dragoon who goes to jail for aiding Carmen's escape) strikes her as the kind of man with whom her love of *liberté* may be shared.

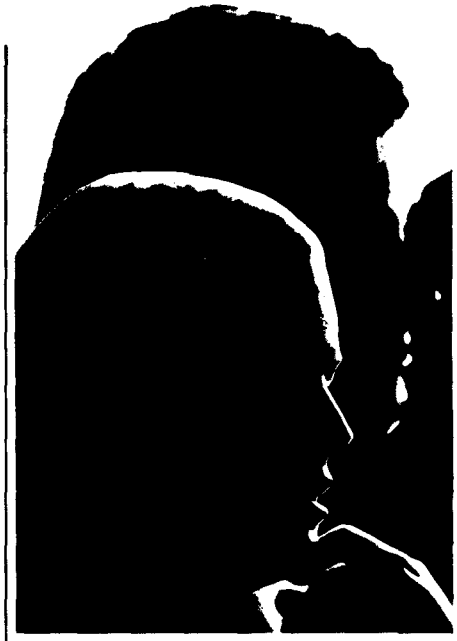
Does Carmen throw him over simply because she finds the bold toreador more appealing? Not if one believes the body-language through which de los Angeles expresses her feeling for Don José, the play of eyes and the tonality of glances with which Andalusians communicate. Not until much later, when she is disenchanted by the soldier's vacillation between love and duty, and disappointed in her own judgment of the risks such a man would take for her, does de los Angeles's Carmen begin to look elsewhere. Hence her gravitation to the toreador, to whom the taking of risks is a daily fact of life—and death.

In a range of "Carmens I have known" (of whom Geraldine Farrar was the first, the Russian Elena Obraztsova at the Metropolitan the most recent, and Risë Stevens the most intelligent as well as the best sung), such an expression of character is even more uncommon than de los Angeles's combination of Bizet's vocal line and a clear statement of the French text. She goes straight to the heart of the matter: Her Carmen craves a man strong enough to confess that his love for her reduces him to weakness. This was a detail cleverly spelled out in Irwin Guttman's staging of the "Flower Song" in Act II, which had King towering over the crouching figure of de los Angeles on the floor. When she finds that he cannot sustain that strength (or, as de los Angeles has expressed it, conversationally, "Carmen does not want a man who is always imploring"), she looks for it in another, and pays the price of her life to pride consumed by jealousy.

Along the way, in a conventional but far from unimaginative production designed by Paul Shortt, and well conducted by Alfredo Silipigni, de los Angeles revealed an aptitude for Spanish dance not hinted at before. In addition to lightness and grace, she bore herself with that indispensable adjunct to authenticity known as the Spanish back—the firm spine that supports shoulders and head at the apex of the arch. It should serve her well when she performs Salud in Manuel de Falla's *La Vida Breve* in Boston with Sarah Caldwell's company April 8, 13, 15, and 20.

To be mentioned more by contrast than in competition is the Obraztsova Carmen. She has the big mezzo voice, the vulgar view of the part, and the outgoing way of expressing it that give audiences the impression that this must be the kind of creature Bizet had in mind. But if so, why did he not put more of it into his music?

Obraztsova had a fine time with the "Card Scene" but not with much of anything else. Guy Chauvet as Don José was much like Guy Chauvet as anything else: loud, abusing his vocal chords and our ears. James Morris produced a Texas flavor for his Escamillo (more at home on the range than with the bull) and Giuseppe Patané conducted in a workmanlike way. Leona Mitchell, a fine upcoming soprano, saved the musical and dramatic meanings of the evening with her well-sung, strongly acted Micaela. ◉



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Ohio Man Discovers The Secret of How to Escape The American Rat Race

7 Simple Rules Net This Working Man Without Any Money or Experience $145,000 in First Year

By John Whitehead, Special Features Writer

(Canton, OH) The secret to making a quick fortune in America has been reduced to a simple 7 step system by an entrepreneur from Canton, Ohio. It requires little or no money, a minimum of time and no elaborate plant or equipment. In fact, you can do it in your home or anywhere.

The man who did it is Ben Swarez from Canton, Ohio, the Pro Football Hall of Fame city. There are hundreds of rags to riches stories each year in America. However, his is very unique. Ben's system is geared to the working man who is living from pay to pay, no savings or assets, working an 8 hour a day job for a big company, no experience and no rich relatives.

For the secret of how he achieved his workingman's way to riches, I held the following interview with Ben.

My interview with Ben was very lengthy and detailed, and I could never come close to fitting it on this page. The most interesting part was towards the end. At the beginning of the interview Ben related how he arrrived at the 7 steps to generate net wealth. He calls these 7 steps a Net Profit Generator System, or N.P.G.S. for short. The story on how he arrived at the N.P.G.S. system is lengthy and also incredible. It was no easy task. I will try to summarize.

It all started when he was typical of a majority of Americans, working for a large corporation and being unable to make ends meet. One day the last straw came in a string of frustrations which made him decide to go into something for himself.

He started out by trying to start orthodox businesses, but soon found himself, as all starting businessmen do, heavily in debt. Then one day while exercising, of all things, he had what he calls a tremendous insight on how to make money quickly.

As he put it, "the idea rolled out of my head like a computer printout." It was the 7 step method, the N.P.G.S. system. But even that didn't come easy. The first N.P.G.S. systems failed miserably. But, Ben could see that his concept was valid and only needed to be perfected. He finally did perfect the system and his first successful system was called N.P.G.S.-4. Within a few weeks N.P.G.S.-4 netted him enough money to pay off all his back debts and have $80,000 left over for profit. It was such a glorious day that I wanted to pick up on the interview at this point.

QUESTION: That is incredible. Within a few weeks N.P.G.S.-4 netted you enough money to pay off all your back debts. You had in your hand $80,000 in cash as net profit. I can't even imagine getting that much money all at once. What was it like?

ANSWER: It's almost impossible to verbalize. My wife and I just stared at the check for a long time. We had a two day celebration with a dinner and party. It's a fantastic experience to go into work and tell them you quit. The chance to say what you truly feel to people who have had you under their thumb for 10 years is truly a pleasant release of frustration.

The first thing I did was pay off all my bills. Then I paid off my house. I took the money to the savings and loan company who held the mortgage personally to see the looks on their faces. After, we had a "burn the mortgage" party. Next I went to the showroom of the local Lincoln-Mercury dealer and laid down the cash for a brand new Mark.

My wife and I went on a shopping spree for clothes. We had been making do with old clothes for so long they had become worn out. She always had to shop for clothes with very little money. I always joked with her that "If I gave you $5,000 to spend on clothes could you do it in one day?" She used to say "I could do it in a couple hours." So that's what I did. I gave her $5,000 to go out and buy clothes.

We then took a long vacation. In New York I bought her a large diamond at Tiffany's — another thing we always dreamed about.

But, what money really does is give you precious time. Time to be with your wife and children before they grow up before you know it — and time to do things you really want to do. Another priceless thing you gain is your self respect. The words of Frank Sinatra's song "My Way" says it all.

QUESTION: This definitely could be a movie script. How did things go after that?

ANSWER: Excellent. The same year I assembled two more systems and made a total of $145,000.

QUESTION: You've been at it for 3½ years now. Were the succeeding years as good?

ANSWER: Better. Here are the results by year: The 1st year as mentioned I made $145,000; the 2nd year I made $205,000; and 3rd year $309,000. And already in the first half of this year I have made $200,000. I have audited financial statements from certified public accountants and income tax returns to verify this to any agency or investigator of any kind who wishes to challenge me on this.

QUESTION: That's quite a system. I understand you have put how to do the system into a book. What can you tell me about this book?

ANSWER: It's called **"7 Steps to Freedom, How to Escape the American Rat Race".** It contains the complete step-by-step details on how to assemble an N.P.G.S. system which I finally reduced to just 7 simple steps. Here are some highlights of the system:

- The system requires a minimum of time and money to start.
- You don't need special experience or skills to do it, and it's not a salesman's job.
- You don't need to buy or rent buildings, buy or rent equipment and you don't have to hire people.
- You can do it anywhere — in your house, while you travel or a favorite vacation spot or retreat.
- With the system you can earn $10,000 to $500,000 in a matter of months and even within two days depending on which system you assemble.
- The money you make is all earned income which is subject to one of the lowest tax bites.

QUESTION: Did you say you can make big money within days?

ANSWER: No, that's an understatement. You can actually do it within hours in some cases. You can compile a system in an afternoon one day and start having spendable money in your hands produced by the system the very next morning!

QUESTION: How much money do you average on a system?

ANSWER: I'd say the average is $200,000. That's the type I usually stick to. I'll tell you this, doing a system to make $10,000 to $20,000 is literally duck soup. I have these available all the time but don't even use them.

QUESTION: You said you need no special talent or experience. Who all can do it?

ANSWER: You only need to follow directions. All you need is common sense, a sense of pride in your work and the ability to see a job through to completion. This system is also perfect for people who are confined at home, such as housewives.

QUESTION: O.K. So, why do you want to reveal your system to other people when it's obvious you're making loads of money with it?

ANSWER: Everyone likes to brag when they accomplish something; and, I'm no different.

Says You Can Do It Anywhere. He Does It While Traveling In His Motor Home

Swarez does his system in his motor home while his wife, Nancy, drives and his two daughters, Sharon and Michele, play and sight-see. That's the family's pet shetland sheepdog on a favorite perch.

Second, I am in the position now to completely retire. I have put all my money into a diversified portfolio of blue chip investments that no one can touch, including myself. So, I'm protected from losing my money myself or someone taking it away from me.

Also, I think I can keep everyone from knowing my secret by only making the book available on a limited, controlled basis. The book is not in book stores.

QUESTION: I shudder to ask, how much does a book cost?

ANSWER: If it was priced at what it's worth, few people could afford it. There's at least a million dollars' worth of knowledge in this book. I'm not exaggerating when I say I don't know of any other book in which a person stands to gain and benefit so much. But, I will make it a very reasonable price of $20.00. This book is being distributed for me under my control by Quality Consumer.

A most interesting interview and I would have to call this the book of the century. For those who want a copy of the book from this present press run, the following information is provided:

The book contains over 286 8½" x 11" pages containing detailed, illustrated instructions on how to set up a Net Profit Generator System (N.P.G.S.) complete with all necessary forms. It is written in clear, easy to understand language.

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THEATER

Of Mice and Masters

by Martin Gottfried

Pittsburgh

JOHN STEINBECK's *Of Mice and Men* is one of the few American plays that is standing the test of time. It is a classic, profound and dramatic and immensely moving. Yet only lately has the play been staged with any regularity: at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis five years ago; on Broadway a few seasons back; and just last month by the estimable Pittsburgh Public Theater.

The test of a classic is its ability to be valid for any age; to sustain interest after repeated viewings; to provoke new and different responses. The first impression Steinbeck's play gives is an emotional one, for it is a story of pathos and tragedy. George and Lenny are a pair of itinerant farm workers drifting across California during the Thirties. They are friend and friend, man and child, brother and keeper. The huge Lenny is mentally retarded, a gentle giant. George takes care of him, seeing that he doesn't get into trouble—a constant threat because Lenny doesn't know his own strength.

The two men hire out to a large farm and move into the bunkhouse. When the other laborers hear Lenny and George discuss their plans to save enough money to buy their own piece of land, they are enthralled by the dream, and offer to chip in and share in the land. But when Lenny, frightened by the farm owner's daughter-in-law, strangles her, these hopes are dashed. Realizing that his friend is dangerous, that he will either be gunned down or jailed forever, George distracts Lenny. And slays him.

Like any work of art, a play must be good before it can be great; it must work before it can be profound. If it doesn't have basic theatrical value, then any other qualities it might have—language, imagery and metaphor, subtext and philosophy—become academic. *Of Mice and Men* is devastating on the gut level. Its characters are believable, its story is engrossing, its situations are dramatic, the tension builds to a final release of emotional energy. Solid, dramatic architecture is as necessary to a play as a good story. Perhaps Steinbeck didn't construct his play's architecture alone; George S. Kaufman, the well-known playwright and theatrical physician, was Steinbeck's director in 1937 and did help the fledgling playwright adapt his successful novel to the stage.

Pittsburgh Public Theater's Ben Shaktman.

Yet the power is Steinbeck's, for never in his life did Kaufman write so forceful and artistic a play as *Of Mice and Men*.

Ironically, though Steinbeck was famous for his fiction, and won a Nobel Prize for it, he may well be remembered for this first play. It is surely his best.

Any play must have more than one layer to be artistic. Implications and references and stimulations—the what-is-it-about?—are what give *Of Mice and Men* its layers.

The power of the story, for example, lies in its dealings with fundamentals. There are biblical qualities in this parable, and elements of fairy tales and monster stories. Isn't Lenny an ogre? How different is he from the Hunchback of Notre Dame or King Kong or Dr. Frankenstein's creature? He, too, is an innocent, a well-meaning but love-starved grotesque whose physical appearance is frightening, who takes that fright for rejection. Like the other monsters, he must be destroyed by his creator, the God figure, the father.

Of Mice and Men also has in it elements later used by Samuel Beckett in *Waiting for Godot*. Like Vladimir and Estragon, these two wanderers are seeking some fulfillment and justification of life, as symbolized by the farm they dream about. And like Beckett's two tramps, they somehow know that the dream cannot come true; that life won't be justified—their Godot will never come.

One can also see in the play some of the comradely, share-the-wealth aspects of Thirties left-wing thinking. But the deepest and broadest subject in the play is the human being, represented by both Lenny and George. George is the mental side of us, and Lenny is the physical, emotional, animal side. As with most great literature, *Of Mice and Men* deals with our eternal struggle to control our own destinies, to make sense of our lives, to be rational beings rather than victims of nature. This struggle is one that artists traditionally think doomed to failure. Steinbeck may seem to differ; his rational figure survives the emotional one—the smart George does kill the animal Lenny. But who really survives? Is killing a rational act of the mind? By killing Lenny (his primitive part) did George destroy himself? After all, he is left with no hope.

Though the production of the Pittsburgh Public Theater was flawed, it touched off a deep responsive chord among its audience. Here was a regional theater doing exactly what a regional theater is supposed to do—provide polished productions of worthwhile plays in theaters outside New York. Its audiences have something created for them in particular, instead of the warmed-over Broadway hits that show up at the local dinner theater.

The Pittsburgh Public Theater is not among America's regional theater pioneers. It isn't even of the second generation. This season is only its fourth. Yet it has already established itself as a major cultural force in Pittsburgh, because of the drive and the belief and the considerable talent of its artistic director, Ben Shaktman. Coming to a city that had already rejected two regional theaters, he proved that no town is a bad theater town. There is a right theater for every city, for Pittsburgh. His house is a striking four-sided arena, dramatic in its own right, but—at 350 seats—not big enough. A new building is already being planned. The season has grown from three productions to six. The plays have been diverse and stimulating, from Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie* to Shakespeare and Shaw. The productions have not always been brilliant but they have been unassailably professional, and never in my life have I seen a better *Menagerie*.

Shaktman's is not a flamboyant theater. New York and London don't hear about it as they do the latest *Annie* or *A Chorus Line*. But it is real and true theater, and high theater. ◉

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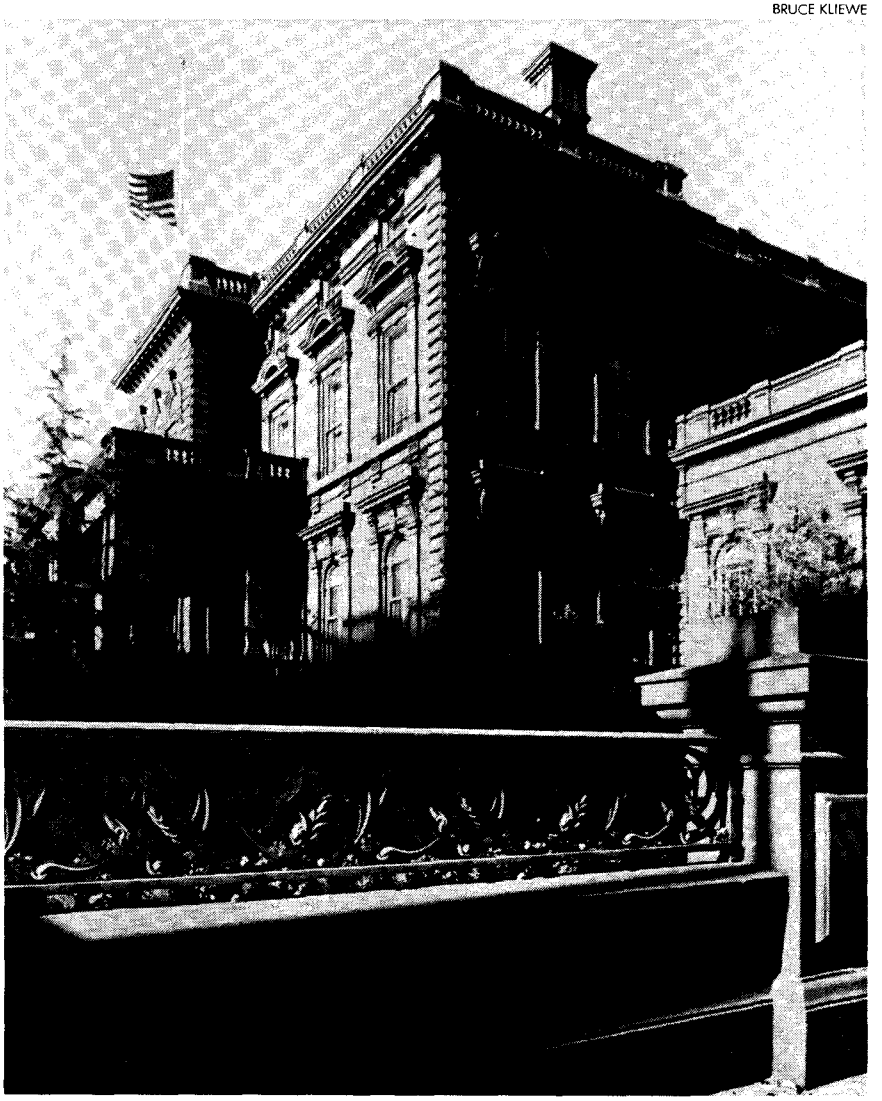
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Bayside Hillbillies

by Horace Sutton

BRUCE KLIEWE



The Pacific Union Club—Flood's great villa is now inhabited by modern tycoons.

THE SUMMITS OF San Francisco offer unparalleled vistas of the city's streets as they tumble down toward the new skyscrapers, and beyond to the Bay and the bridges that cross it. But for the hill people, the steep incline and the heights also provided a sanctuary in the fashion of those who sought protection in the perched villages of France, safe from marauders. It was that way for one Dr. Hayne, a San Franciscan, who achieved such a distinguished reputation that the sick and the injured came to the door of his Montgomery Street hotel room at all hours, leaving the doctor with time neither to sleep nor to read his medical journals.

He looked for the most inaccessible site and found it on Nob Hill. There, on the land where the mass of the Fairmont Hotel stands today, Dr. Hayne built his house, and since the cable cars had not been strung to that remote eyrie as yet, the physician was able to find some serenity.

Hayne was the pioneer of Nob Hill, which came to be called the Hill of Golden Promise. It became, too, the nesting place for the freewheeling bonanza kings and railroaders of the 1870s in the salad days of San Francisco. Although the Great Fire in 1906 swept away many of the trappings of that era, there are vestiges of that flamboyant life that survive to this day. The cable-car motorman, making the stop on these heights, is liable to say, as one did as I alighted there recently, "S-s-s-nob Hill."

Of the mansions that were built, by Leland Stanford, the onetime Sacramento grocer who became governor and railroader; Mark Hopkins; James Fair; Charles Crocker, the former dry-goods clerk; Collis Huntington, the Connecticut peddler turned tycoon; and James Clair Flood, who started as a bartender and became the nabob of Nob Hill, only Flood's home remains, and that had to be reconstructed.

The bonanza king of the Comstock Lode, Flood erected a 42-room brownstone surrounded by a brass fence that was painted black to discourage vandals who might steal the metal if they knew what it was. Flood's great villa is spread like an aging dowager plopped across an ample plot of hilltop. It is now the Pacific Union Club, inhabited by latter-day tycoons, and called, in a note of snide deliciousness, the P.U.

Leland Stanford's house, one of the first of the hilltop mansions, was done in refined good taste, reflected now in Stanford Court, which on my scoresheet vies strongly for the title of the best hotel in the nation. From the Tiffany-glass dome covering its entranceway to its new winter garden, it reflects a Victorian air. The elegant service matches the period. The Potpourri, on the lobby level, with its cross-hatchings of lattice, seems to have been lifted from Gigi—a fancy of *fin-de-siècle* Paris, where croissants and coffee are served in the morning, and a salad Niçoise—and the local version, salad Pacifica, with Bay shrimp, avocado, and crabmeat—are fare for lunch. Fournou's Ovens, in the lower reaches of the hotel, is a preserve of its own, where the great brick oven produces racks of lamb, sides of beef, and duckling that comes crisp to table.

Mark Hopkins's house, next door, was built by his wife Mary, who spared none of Mark's money to outdo the mansions of other Victorian wives. As he watched it rise, with all its turrets and towers, Mark called it, ruefully, the "Hotel de Hopkins." He died before it was finished, and although his widow moved east and the house succumbed to the holocaust of 1906, the hotel that rose on its site became the Mark Hopkins, now operated by Inter-Continental Hotels. When its rooftop opened in 1939, the Top of the Mark, as it was

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called, became the romantic lookout of the West Coast, and orchestras broadcast across the country from its skytop perch, the announcer intoning those magic words, "And now from high atop the Mark Hopkins Hotel in beautiful San Francisco...." All of that led the owner of the modest Mark Twain Hotel, in town, to open a saloon in the basement called the Bottom of the Mark.

BRUCE KLIEWE

Stanford Court—this Nob Hill hotel is a strong candidate for best in the nation.

The Fairmont Hotel across the street grew out of the estate of James G. Fair, the miner and later senator, whose home stood on the edge of the hill. The house didn't bring bliss, for Fair became the first senator to be sued for adultery. He gave society two daughters, however, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Oelrichs built a great hotel which, alas, burned in the fire before it could open, was rebuilt, and opened a year later. Dorothy Draper, so fond of cabbage roses, redid the lobby in the late Forties.

Collis Huntington has a hotel named for him, too (as well as a Nob Hill park), which is a favorite roost of royalty, movie people, and concert artists. Lee Radziwill has been hired to redecorate it. The Huntington's restaurant is called the Big Four, a quadripartite honor that tips the hat to Crocker, Huntington, Hopkins, and Stanford in one swell swoop.

Huntington's spread actually occupied the greensward of what is now the pocket park named for him. Crocker's house, across the park, burned in the fire, too, but the family chose not to rebuild, giving the land to the Episcopal Church, which produced Grace Cathedral, once the home turf of the late Bishop Pike. With its Ghiberti portals, copied from those in Florence, its frescoes of early California days, and its stained glass, it is grand enough to need organized tours. Hours vary depending upon the day, and a phone call would be in order.

George and Phoebe Hearst, mother and father of William Randolph, lived on the hill, and during the ordeal following Patty Hearst's kidnapping, their grandson, Randolph, and his wife Catherine, Patty's parents, were sequestered in a Nob Hill apartment house called the Gramercy.

A favored bide-a-wee in this corner of the Hill is the Bay-styled outpost called Mama's which, amid a mass of brass, flowers, and lattice, dishes out trick omelets and off-the-wall sandwiches day and night.

To run up a bigger check one need only to repair to Alexis' where gypsy musicians work the cellar and a disco erupts on weekends. Le Club has all the airs of a polished preserve for well-endowed groupies. It is run rather like a private fief of Ed Fleishell, a local lawyer who also functions as overseas legman to Stanton Delaplane, the San Francisco syndicated columnist.

Fleishell brings in veal from Wisconsin, truffles from the Dordogne, Margaux from Bordeaux, and a chef from Lyons. But in culinary search he ventures afield of his dimly lit lair on occasion, for a spaghetti dish is named for him at the lusty North Beach Restaurant on Stockton which makes its own prosciutto, its own magnificent salami, and its own pasta—its tortellini the best, hands down, ever sampled in this country or in its nation of origin.

North Beach's newest extension, three blocks away, is open at all hours, serves omelets, salami and eggs, and fresh fish—sand dabs, petrali, and other natives of these latitudes. Since the menu offers neither spaghetti, fettucini, or their mutations, the place, with exquisite logic, is called Basta Pasta. Basta, need I tell you, means "enough."

Like many of San Francisco's prime places of congregation—Fisherman's Wharf, the Cannery, Ghirardelli Square, Chinatown, Embarcadero Center—Nob Hill and North Beach, that buzz center of beaneries and night life, are linked by cable car.

About the time the moguls began to congregate on the top of Nob Hill, a London-born inventor named Andrew Hallidie beheld a team of four horses struggling to get a horse-car up a hill. The pitch, after all, where Nob falls into California Street is 18 percent and between Chestnut and Lombard 22 percent. Hallidie produced a trolley, four years later, powered by a moving underground cable. The gripman on the car could pull hard on the handle and indeed "grip" the cable, thus moving the car. By 1880 eight lines crisscrossed San Francisco running on 112 miles of cable.

Just a dozen years ago they dusted off the old car barn at Washington and Mason Streets, on the side of Nob Hill, and opened it as a working museum. The great steel cables, the huge wheels, and the gears are on public view. So, too, is the first cable car and many of the trams that were climbing hills when the nabobs were in flower atop of Nob.

Standing and hanging on the cars is a Bayside experience. The California Street cars seat 34, but they hold 100. The alternative, to quote a popular T-shirt for sale in the car-barn museum, is to "Go climb a street." ◉

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Friends, Lovers, and Countrymen

E. M. Forster: A Life
by P.N. Furbank
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 359 pp., $19.95

Reviewed by Derwent May

EARLY IN his brilliant new biography, P.N. Furbank tells us how E.M. Forster would cope with the problem of being bullied when he was at school in the 1890s. A gang of boys used to pelt him with chestnuts, and he would calm himself down after the attack "by mentally resolving the gang back into individuals." In some ways, that is what Forster was doing all his life. In his famous essay, "Two Cheers for Democracy," published in the *Nation* just before World War II, he declared: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friends, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." The statement shocked, as it was meant to. But it was part of a larger purpose: to assert that democracy was "less hateful than other forms of government" and that it had to be defended precisely because it started from the assumption that "the individual is important, and that all types are needed to make a civilization."

The early novels with which Forster won his fame were all, in a delicate, unbullying manner, attacks on people who try to force their ideas on others. The villains of these books are the respectable citizens of suburban England. In *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905), Forster's first novel, Mrs. Herriton sends her son, Philip, to Italy to bring back Lilia, a relative who has insulted the family by falling in love with an Italian dentist's son. Philip is too late: Lilia is already married. But she dies in childbirth, and in due course a whole posse of suburbanites sets out for Italy to bring back the child. They succeed only in killing it.

In *The Longest Journey* (1907), Rickie, a generous-hearted Cambridge graduate, is crushed in spirit by his selfish young wife and by the conventional private school in which he is obliged to take work as a teacher: His life becomes a perpetual "turning of diplomatic corners." There is not much happiness in these books, although there is plenty of humor. However, Philip and Rickie are each granted a vision of elusive joy: Philip by the "silver stars in a purple sky" of an Italian night, Rickie by his friendship, forged on the Wiltshire downs, with a strange, gypsylike half brother whom he discovers before he dies. Forster's third book, *A Room With a View* (1908), returns to Italy—to Florence, where another suburban girl, Lucy Honeychurch, is kissed on a mountainside by an unconventional young Englishman, George Emerson. She flees with her chaperone to Rome. Yet something has been awoken in her. Her fiancé from Surrey increasingly seems to her like "a room without a view"—and so she returns to marry her George, who will perhaps be stronger than Rickie as a husband.

All these are delightful novels, their satire on the red-brick villas as biting as a "strong, wholesome insect," as the *London Times* said of *The Longest Journey* when it was published. Yet one feels now, as was felt at the time, that there is something wistful about them. There are no heroes in the books—no character with more than an intimation of what might be a better life. In *E.M. Forster: A Life*, Furbank shows us that Forster's own life was far more striking than that of any of his early characters. It is that rare story of a heroic inner life.

Forster was born into the genteel suburbs. His mother was a governess who married slightly above her; his father, an architect, died of consumption, after designing only one house, when Forster was only one year old. Forster was brought up, as he said later, "in a haze of elderly ladies." He went to Tonbridge School, a public (in American terms, private) school like Rickie's, which, in his own words, only "hindered me from discovering how lovely and delightful and kind the world can be." In fact, he might have become as conventional a young man as any he later created in his books.

A remarkable intelligence, and a remarkable determination, saved him—along with his luck in going to Cambridge. It was there that the revelations that were to make a great artist of him began. Cambridge itself gave him, in one breath, the revelations of friendship and of intellectual freedom. At 21, he was elected to the Apostles, a society to which such illustrious 19th-century figures as Tennyson had belonged as undergraduates. It was out of Forster's generation of Apostles that the male wing of Bloomsbury was later to grow.

Almost as important, in the same year, was Forster's first visit to Italy, where he went with his mother. At Ravello, he wrote one of his first short stories, "The Story of a Panic," about a boy liberated by Pan who finds he is able to recreate the stars, sun, and moon out of his own consciousness. Writing the tale was another overwhelming experience for Forster. It seemed to say that he could depend now on his own imagination, and could achieve all he wanted if allowed to follow his own bent. Forever afterward he would think of Italy as "the beautiful country where they say 'Yes' ... the place 'where things happen.'"

Forster's great-aunt Marianne had left him just enough money to live on—another major stroke of good fortune—and he now began to work on his first novels. By this point, it can be seen that the dull or half-hearted men who figure in the early books convey nothing of the force of character that Forster himself had had to show in order to get to the point where he was able to create them. These books dwell on the milieu from which he had had to liber ate himself, rather than on his own act of liberation.

With his fourth novel, *Howards End* (1910), Forster became far more ambitious. *Howards End* is as ironical and witty, and as full of foolish characters, as any of his books, yet it offers a vision of England in which the opposing parties of his earlier novels might achieve, through love, some understanding of, and reconciliation with, each other. It tries to show how the small-minded but businesslike Wilcox family could join its gifts to those of the more deeply civilized Schlegels in a marriage that would bless them both.

After *Howards End* was published, Forster found himself a celebrity. Yet he was only to publish one more novel in his lifetime: *A Passage to India*, which appeared 14 years later, after he had been in Egypt doing Red Cross work in the war, and after a long stay in India as secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas. Few critics doubt that *A Passage to India*

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JOAN HALL

is his greatest work. In his superb, critical portraits of the unimaginative English officials ruling India, the keynote of the early books is sounded more surely and strongly than ever. But here their behavior is set against Forster's richest visionary background, that of the eternally muddled creativity of India, a country that makes nonsense of all petty human aspirations, yet can also send one back into life with new wonder and hope.

Why did Forster write no more novels after this, though he was to live till he was 91? Partly, as he said himself, because the Edwardian world he knew no longer existed after World War I—abolished, amongst other things, by his own mockery. For a deeper reason, though, we have to turn to one other novel he wrote, which was not published till 1971, the year after his death. *Maurice*, written in 1913-1914, is the story of a young man's discovery of his homosexuality.

Forster was slow to come to terms with his own homosexuality. There was a more or less platonic affair with a clever Cambridge friend and a time of longing for an Indian friend in England, before his first passionately physical affair with a tram conductor in Alexandria in the war. Later in life Forster was happy in his intimate friendship with a married English policeman. (As Francis King shows in his short, splendidly illustrated biography, *E.M. Forster and His World*, Scribner's, the conductor, Mohammed, and the policeman looked remarkably alike.)

Maurice was Forster's only major attempt to write clearly about this side of his life that was so important to him; and he knew that, in the atmosphere of the time, it was quite impossible to publish it. Yet more and more he felt that his homosexuality was the one thing he wanted to write about. Years later he observed that *Howards End* was his best novel, but he didn't like it because he didn't really care for any of the characters. It seems clear that the reason he stopped writing was not only that his familiar world had vanished, but also that the world he most loved was a forbidden subject.

As a writer, strangely enough, he may not have lost by this. For *Maurice* is, unfortunately, not a very good novel. The picture of Maurice's London and Cambridge background is, naturally, well drawn, but the love affairs it describes are self-consciously, even mawkishly reported. It is as though Forster could not write directly about happiness—only hint at its possibility, as he does so beautifully in all his novels, in the interstices of the wryness and comedy.

However, his later life had its contentment and rewards. He became a wise and adored friend of many younger writers, in the 1930s and 1940s, and was a powerful voice for liberalism through World War II and after. Furbank knew him when he was living in King's College, Cambridge, in his last years, and includes in his biography a vivid personal portrait of him from that time: "Whatever the subject, his talk had odd glints and tiny surprises in it, a queer precision of vocabulary, a perpetual slight displacement of the expected emphasis." Many strange incidents appear in Furbank's biography, but never in the vein indicated in a recent satirical poem about biographers, by the English poet, D.J. Enright:

> Much easier than your works
> To sell your quirks.

Furbank's whole book, rich and subtle, breathes an air of friendship—that Bloomsbury kind of friendship that allows no telling of untruths. ◉

Derwent May is literary editor of the Listener. *His new novel,* A Revenger's Comedy, *will be published* this *year.*

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WORD MEN

The Good Word & Other Words

by Wilfrid Sheed
Henry Robbins/Dutton, 289 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Ross Feld

THEY DON'T COME much smoother than Sheed. Or more droll: "Roth is a comedian as well as a novelist, and the novelist must make his fictions out of the clown's simplicities. Roth has tried every way he knows how to get his Panza and Quixote onto the same horse, but one of them usually falls off. Without his clown, as in *When She Was Good*, Roth doesn't quite make the weight. With Sancho up, as in *Portnoy*, the woeful knight slides gracefully off the horse's rump." Taking time from working on his own novels, Sheed for awhile was providing this kind of triple-sec perceptiveness for the *New York Times Book Review* on a regular basis. More than passably entertaining Sundays resulted. "Waugh, trying to write about love in *Brideshead Revisited*, stammered into a phrase that even embarrassed him in retrospect: 'He made free of her loins.' Trying to locate the loins wasted a lot of valuable time for young readers in those days, and even then an overwhelming vision of pork chops ruined it for many." "Letters by a living man," Sheed observes, going through E.B. White's, "are a bit like a stately home with the owner around—one isn't sure how much one can touch."

Someone able to glide like this isn't really serious, is he (wonders a little Puritan worm inside)? A critic with his nap so patted down is not one to bite hard at a book, to rip a chunk off and really chew, right? Well, a little right, a little wrong. Sheed's candor ("Our best critics are known for their hammiest moments"), together with his novelist's amused opinion of the whole like it/don't like it enterprise, plus his sense of the dead (that they're never quite), put him a little to the side of the whole question. Once, in the Time-Life Building, I stepped into an elevator that contained, among other suited males, Johnny Unitas. Not one of us shrimpy non-Unitases dared utter a word, and with silly, knowing half-smiles we rode to our respective floors—yet what a bunch of the happy elect we were. Sheed's essays have some of that elevator atmosphere: Literature is virtual, vicarious, "The only game we have now, and it fills the moment as a great game would, even sharing some of the same textures. If you don't enjoy it, you wouldn't enjoy a great game either, except for its damn greatness."

So Sheed's all over the place. With a fondly personal, touchingly humble recollection of Edmund Wilson. The bad form of middle-aged writers who kick at those on the more groundly rungs of the ladder below. A shrewd appraisal of George Orwell. A piece on hacks (including, begging everyone's pardon, Graham Greene): "Whom the gods would destroy, they first oversell." A look, unconvinced, at ethnic chic: "If you happen to have a lousy temper, it's good to know it's an Irish temper. And you can walk a little taller knowing that rotten disposition is Slavic soul. It certainly beats 'you know how sensitive we Scorpios are.'"

An examination of the wit of Dorothy Parker and George S. Kaufman: Parker's cynicism "at least partly a literary manner...which hardened into a characteristic as life belted her around" and Kaufman's Stakhanovite approach to being funny, grinding it exhaustedly out "at those witmarathons at the Alqonquin with everyone whoring after laughs and press mentions, as much a part of the period as six-day bike races and flagpole sitting." Sheed owns some wonderful moves; where he learned to use the parenthesis I don't know, but possible models may have included Edgar Bergen, Señor Wences. Nor does he ever seem numbed (numbing, sometimes: when that rich sauce of style is poured over piffle); he's always ready to break his swing. Someone who appreciates Cyril Connolly isn't expected to also let in Jack Kerouac, but the door is opened to both here. Terrible books by splendid writers, fine ones by duds receive mention, too. Such books do happen.

With these skills, if Sheed were mean he'd be a pogrom. But he isn't. See him on Hemingway, who *was* mean. Like Richard Nixon, whom we've chased out into the light and won't let back to any manner of dignified shade, every revelation of what a creep Hemingway was excites us immoderately. But Sheed slips away from the mob. All the reflux pieties the biographies have whipped up in us are neatly dismissed: "People who have never tried it have no idea how pleasant being nasty can be." When we light fires at the base of Hemingway's crumbling castle of personality, we've been suckered into exactly his game. Too much a Catholic to get worked up over something so fly-by-night as a life, Sheed directs us to look once more upon the Hemingway style: the midwesternness of it (is the world real if you can't name it simply?), the true foolish bravery it took to try to make an art "in which the creator could be as intelligent as he liked but in which intelligence must be

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transmuted entirely into form, so that no lumps of thinking are left showing." So Hemingway failed, so the thinking soon got left out entirely—does it matter? In this essay of large artistic sympathy, Sheed knows that art is never particularly furthered by success. The attitude is hardly kamikaze.

Savoring the modest, the self-effacing, even the failed, comes off, in fact, as one of the hallmarks of the essays. V.S. Pritchett, Cyril Connolly, Ring Lardner, James Thurber, E.B. White—writers all who didn't or couldn't make the top—Sheed's interest in and attitude toward them is level, mature. He commends Pritchett for having the guts to "refuse the magic mushroom that makes a man bigger than his material," for not being "the type to make a whole carpet just to hide one thread." Nor is there blindness to the defensiveness that usually hems minor work which Sheed calls "the common mistake of enlarging the subject matter while playing the same basic notes: like a minuet in honor of Napoleon."

And yet. The pieces on Wodehouse, on the novel of manners, on George Gershwin, football, Watergate, Henry Luce, push toward the impression that the outside edges are maybe a little *too* well-patrolled. About marginalia, Sheed not only has the good word—he has just about the last one—his agility heaping rhythm and cleverness atop little boxes that are thus sealed tight under a glittering weight. When, more infrequently, Sheed steps into a free-fire zone (and takes, or is given, more room)—such as with the Hemingway essay and a fine consideration of W.C. Fields—his intelligence stirs a shifting center, gamesmanship peels away, and he responds to the ambiguity of greatness as well as anyone writing today.

I've done now exactly what Sheed says we should never do (in "The Art of Reviewing," an essay here that qualifies as compulsory reading for you who are at all prone to taking what you read in these and other back pages too seriously). A reviewer should hang by his thumbs if he, "In the bracing tones of a juvenile magistrate ... tell[s] the shivering wretch out there to forget his nasty little mistake as quickly as possible and get on with the book we all know he can write." But this juvenile magistrate is going to let it stand. Every time Sheed hits one of his sharp, quick singles, he drives a man in. What's more satisfying, though, are the homers, where he gets himself across, too. ◉

Ross Feld is a novelist and essayist living in New York City.

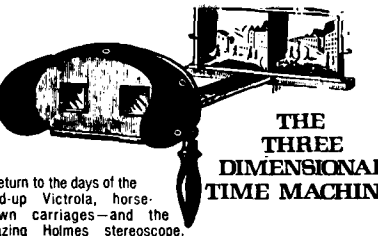
Books in Brief

GINA FRESCHET

The Bass Saxophone: Two Novellas
by Josef Skvorecky
Translated by Kaca Polackova-Henley
Knopf, 176 pp., $8.95

JAZZ IS NOT just music," writes Josef Skvorecky—and he should know. As a teenage jazz buff and hack tenor-sax man in Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia, he had to blow and dig the blues while scatting around between the lines of Dr. Goebbels's racist, anti-jazz codes of censorship. ("St. Louis Blues" was passed off as "The Song of Rešetová Lhota" by one Jiří Patočka, with the immortal lyric: "I'm on my way ... to see my Aryan folk.") Nor did Ella Fitzgerald and Dixieland fare much better under the Communists a few years later; suddenly jazz became degenerate capitalist decadence rather than "Judeonegroid" barbarianism. Either way, as we learn in Skvorecky's sad, hilarious autobiographical preface to these two novellas, the individualism of jive just didn't jibe with totalitarianism.

It's understandable, then, that the theme of free music's free spirit is played upon with rather a heavy pedal in these first-person fables originally written in the mid-Sixties, before 1968's Prague Spring triggered Skvorecky's emigration to Canada. In "Emöke," a jazz-loving Angry Young Man of the Fifties (a "brother in the international brotherhood of rhythmic, antiracist, antifascist syncopated music") tells how, on a drab, state-organized vacation at a barren recreation center, he woos a considerably mixed-up but intensely spiritual young widow—a walking argument against everything empty, beastly, and indifferent in everyday Czech life. After much fruitless, logical cajoling, he finally wins her, if only for a few moments, with a homemade blues, a poem somehow borne "from the heart and throat of a half-stoned black shouter of the Memphis periph-



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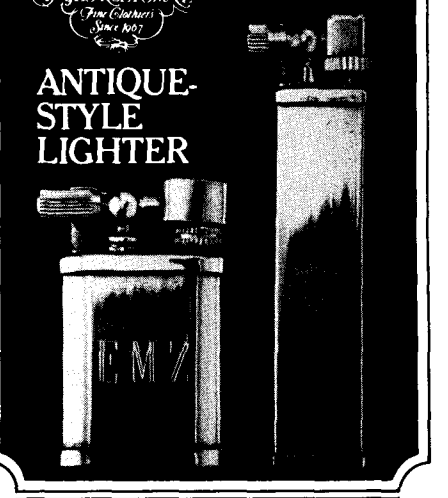

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ery to the vocal chords of a Prague intellectual."

Unfortunately, few readers will much care when this Prague intellectual loses his dream lady; both of them carry too much brightly labeled thematic baggage. Even in the story's plainest, fiercest sequence—a parlor game like Twenty Questions during which the narrator humiliates his coarse, piggy rival for Emöke's affections—Skvorecky's alter ego wails too insistently on a single, rather dated (even in the Sixties) note: the superiority of the unconventional, jazz-loving spirit. Nor does it help that Skvorecky's aggressive style—paragraph-long sentences, with careening parenthetical digressions—only occasionally seems justified by the narrator's inner tempo.

But in "The Bass Saxophone" everything—the theme, the musical metaphors, those verbal riffs and glissandos—everything swings, even though the story is about a band that most definitely doesn't swing at all. Lothar Kinze and his Entertainment Orchestra, a pathetic handful of physically deformed and amazingly untalented German musicians, stop in a Czech town during the war to serenade the local Nazis with corny tunes. Problem: The saxophone player is too sick to make music. Enter our hero, an 18-year-old Czech passerby (he happens to play tenor sax) who catches one glimpse of the band's bass saxophone, a mysterious and grossly gorgeous instrument, and soon finds himself lured into an off-key but exhilarating jam session with the enemy. The enemy! And not even a good band. But "I only felt, I didn't know; concepts like collective guilt didn't even exist yet." So he actually agrees to don a disguise and join in the evening concert for the oppressors, "this assembly in stolen diamonds."

And that 18-year-old Czech jazz buff never regrets having played with Lothar Kinze's lousy, politically objectionable band—because the sound of the bass saxophone is all that really counts, "what one must be true to, come hell or high water; what must be done to the point of collapse." No minor achievement: to summon up enough of the primal, joy-fevered essence of music-making, of art, to truly obliterate politics. No minor talent: Josef Skvorecky.

—JOSH RUBINS

Hermann Hesse: The Life of a Poet in Crisis
by Ralph Freedman
Pantheon, 432 pp., $15

IT IS SOBERING to learn, all over again, that Hermann Hesse was as earthbound

Hermann Hesse at 65 in 1960, photographed by his son, Martin.

as anyone, and more bedeviled than most of us. In his fiction, this poet and sage of the psychedelic era took imaginary journeys to secret realms of iridescent dreams, Magic Theaters, and mystical Orients as part of a lifelong struggle to negate his physical and psychic anguish—eyestrain, insomnia, gout, sciatica, trauma, depression. Little wonder that alcohol and thoughts of suicide were as familiar as the company of his best friends.

Ralph Freedman, a leading Hesse scholar, is at his best when criticism and biography cross boundaries, as when he discusses the analogies between the author's gray life and the colored fantasies of his novels. The cues are in his letters, diaries, and the notebooks in which he recorded his dreams. Hesse was one of the first major writers to be psychoanalyzed, at one time by Jung himself, and he was keenly aware of how and why he projected his personal needs into his work. But Freedman is curiously timid when faced with some of the erotic suggestions of the work, especially in the tantalizing *Narcissus and Goldmund*.

Meticulously researched, but with an overkill of detail, page after learned page resembles an endless entry in an encyclopedia. A good biographer should be storyteller as well as scholar. Except for a few scenes, notably Hesse's emotional vigil at his father's deathbed, the book lacks the pulse of drama. We have only a publisher's note to assure us that Freedman visited the fragrant woods and quaint villages of Swabia and Switzerland that Hesse worshipped, as well as the brilliant Italian coun-

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tryside where he sought cures for his body and soul. These visual wonders are almost invisible in this methodical but bloodless biography. —JOHN FLUDAS

Secrets and Surprises
by Ann Beattie
Random House, 299 pp., $8.95

"WHAT ARE YOU HOLDING OUT that might really do me in?" a young carpenter-poet asks of his would-be lover and artist friend in one of the more unsettling stories in Ann Beattie's new collection. Perhaps that question can serve as a minor slogan for the expectations of our times. Surely it proves a motto for the pop age of small prides and larger uncertainties that Beattie knowingly chronicles here.

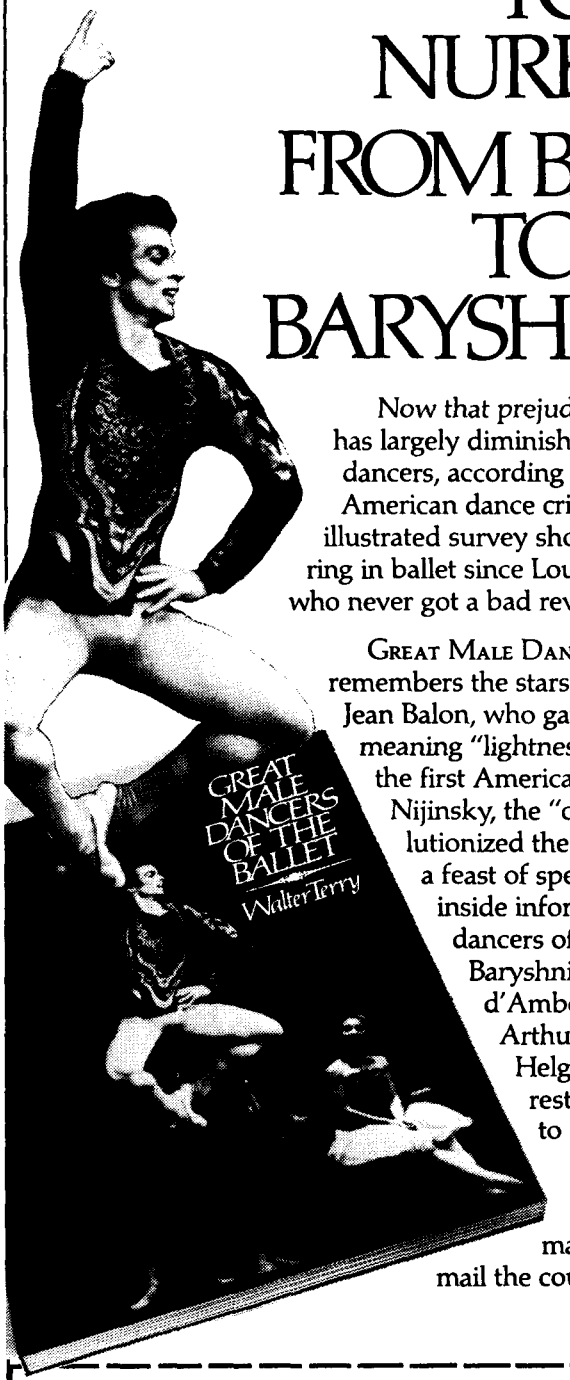
With *Distortions*, her first collection of stories, Beattie's realm of interest appeared clearly marked. Because the incomplete fictional lives she drew were so full of garden-variety emotional losses and social slights, it was easy to label Beattie a specialist in post-adolescent fallout. But the probing of trendy life-crises is only half of any Beattie story.

Significantly, she has become an understanding, if not always therapeutic, voice for those who were raised on Sixties counterculture promises, and now tread water in a decade that seemingly measures moral conviction in terms of astrological signs, miles jogged, yogurt consumed. Life for the natives of Beattie's fiction is often reduced to polite interpretations of *The Hobbit* or drunken analyses of Rorschach blots of wine on the rug.

Many of the stories are intriguing in and because of their understatements. Beattie lets us perceive by indirection and gesture, and proceeds to instruct by intimation, or even silence. "A Clever-Kids Story," for example, is an incisive treatment of our Vietnam bruises that barely alludes to the conflict. "Friends" elevates the clichés of communal living to a pragmatic account of love's fumblings. In "Shifting," Beattie transforms a driving lesson into an advanced course on disillusionment for the newly wed. In these and other tales, Beattie shows insight and concern for the minuscule choices that frequently determine our sidetracks and destinations.

In places Beattie overwrites or wanders off into a desert of feeling. But in no instance is there the deadliness of word play without substance that taints much short fiction. *Secrets and Surprises* is blessed by an intellectual discernment and confidence rare in contemporary storytelling. —G. E. MURRAY

FROM NIJINSKY TO NUREYEV... FROM BALON TO BARYSHNIKOV...



Now that prejudice against male dancers has largely diminished, boys will be ballet dancers, according to Walter Terry, dean of American dance critics. But, as his profusely illustrated survey shows, males have been starring in ballet since Louis XIV, a tireless dancer who never got a bad review.

GREAT MALE DANCERS OF THE BALLET remembers the stars of the past, among them: Jean Balon, who gave his name to the term meaning "lightness of feet;" John Durang, the first American dancer of note; and Nijinsky, the "clown of God" who revolutionized the course of ballet. And it is a feast of spectacular photographs and inside information on the great dancers of our own time: Nureyev, Baryshnikov, Erik Bruhn, Jacques d'Amboise, Edward Villella, Arthur Mitchell, Ivan Nagy, Helgi Tomasson, and all the rest—from Peter Martins to Igor Youskevitch.

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TRADE WINDS

America's Reading

by Walter Arnold

Most book publishers love to publish books, and they are optimistic about the chances of the majority of the books they sponsor in the marketplace. But these same publishers are often pessimistic about Americans as readers. Time and again they deplore that "America is not a reading country," and quote figures of one or two percent as the total number of regular book buyers in the whole population. For better or for worse, no one in publishing has ever tried very hard to find out even roughly how many Americans do read books, who they are, and why they read them.

Now, all at once, the results of two national surveys of the adult American reading public (age 16 and up) have been released—results that, if believable, contain some surprising and very curious figures, along with some predictable findings. One of these surveys is a Gallup poll, sponsored by the American Library Association. The other is a poll taken by the highly respected public opinion firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White for the Book Industry Study Group, an independent association of publishing people. Both claim to have surveyed a statistically large (around 1,500) and representative sample, and they have come up with similar results in important categories.

The Gallup poll revealed, among other things, that fiction is still the most popular reading material (with J. R. R. Tolkien at the top), and one-fourth of its respondents said television influenced their book selection. But I'd like to take a closer look at the Yankelovich poll, which was more oriented to the trade market.

"America can accurately be described as a nation of readers," the Yankelovich pollsters concluded from their findings. They found that fully 55 percent of American adults had read at least one book in the last six months, and nearly the same number had purchased books, including a large number of non-book-readers who bought books for others. According to their figures (and the Gallup's), nearly one-third of the adult population reads at least a book a month. And, although 39 percent of our population "never reads books," they do read newspapers and magazines. At least six percent of us haven't learned to read at all or at all well. (The Yankelovich people said the figure may be as high as 15 percent, since people don't like to say they don't or can't read well.) It will come as no surprise to many in the book business that the Yankelovich survey found the heaviest regular book readers tend to be white, female, well-educated, and relatively affluent. But not too well-off—"only about 10 percent of the book readers and purchasers have incomes above $30,000"—reading is still a solidly middle-class activity.

Here are some of the more interesting conclusions of the Industry Study Group-Yankelovich poll:

- "Pleasure" was reported by the majority of book readers as the single most important reason for reading, followed closely by "general knowledge."
- "Book readers are consistently the most active people in terms of their participation in a great number of leisure-time activities.... They watch almost as much television as non-book-readers."
- The most popular fiction categories are action and adventure stories, followed by historical fiction and historical romance. At the bottom are Westerns and drama.
- The top nonfiction categories are biography and autobiography, followed by cooking, "home economics," and history.
- If people are not regular readers by the time they leave high school, they never will be.
- Nonreaders frequently report that they "can't integrate reading with the rest of their lives."
- People said the most important factors leading them to buy books were subject, author, and personal recommendations, in that order. Newspaper advertising was way down on a list of 28 factors. Near the bottom, to humble blurb writers, was "recommendation by a well-known personality," and at the very bottom, lest publishers gloat, was "publisher's imprint."
- Only 28 percent of the books that people said they read recently were best sellers.
- Nearly half of all book readers report reading regularly in bed, just before going to sleep.

Make of all this what you will. Much depends upon what you think of the standards and significance of public-opinion surveys in general. I was glad to find that best sellers are not the only sellers (that publishers are the ones who are obsessed with them), though not to learn that publishers' imprints do not receive the attention they should (there are differences). I also have doubts about some of the conclusions the survey reached. For one, how can serious book readers be as active in so many other ways as the poll says they are? What is the quality of their "reading"?

"Seek statistics and distrust them," might be the best counsel. The surveys are, of course, an effort to make book publishing a more real industry (i.e., a business in control of a standard product and market). But though many books are "products" and thus have a predictable market, most books are quite individual, and publishing them can never be made into a science. ◉

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Answers next issue

Wit Twister No. 134
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He hopes rich feasts will lure the
— — — — — — — —
back,
And fine champagnes will — —
— — — — — — flagging
hope;
But — — — — — — — —
dinners don't disguise his lack
Of statesmanship, intelligence,
and scope. A.S.

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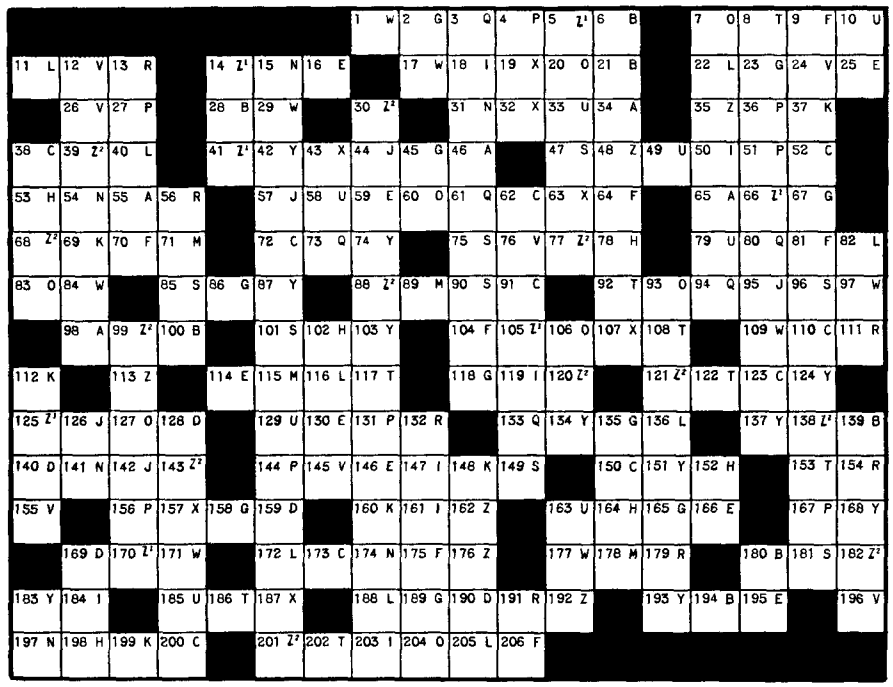
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 163

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic 162*** appears on page 7.



CLUES	WORDS
A. English poet (1795–1821), author of WORD E	34 46 55 65 98
B. Dominican theologian (c. 1260–1327?), founder of German mysticism	100 139 180 194 6 21 28
C. Fictional American detective who first appeared in *The Old Detective's Pupil*, 1886 (full name)	52 62 72 91 150 173 200 38 110 123
D. English satirist and dramatist (1567–1601; "Summer's Last Will and Testament")	128 140 159 169 190
E. Poem beginning "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"	195 16 25 59 114 130 146 166
F. Cavalryman of a heavily armed troop	175 206 9 64 70 81 104
G. "My way of life / Is fall'n into the sear, the ____" (2 wds., *Macbeth*)	135 158 189 2 23 165 45 67 86 118
H. Wakashan language spoken on the western coast of Vancouver Island	152 164 198 53 78 102
I. Son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra	119 147 161 184 203 18 50
J. Ways	44 57 95 126 142
K. Member of a Malay people of northern Luzon	148 160 199 37 69 112
L. Cares for tenderly	188 22 40 82 116 136 172 205 11
M. "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" for instance	71 89 115 178
N. Send forth	197 15 141 174 31 54
O. Summer	93 7 60 83 106 127 204 20
P. City southeast of Leningrad; former cap. of Russia	27 36 131 144 167 4 51 156
Q. Back-number; out-dated (2 wds.)	3 80 133 61 73 94
R. Hanging ornament	111 132 154 179 191 13 56
S. Make gradual inroads	96 181 75 47 90 149 85 101
T. Gaunt	108 153 8 92 122 186 202 117
U. Lively Spanish or Spanish-American dance in triple time	129 185 10 163 49 58 79 33
V. "Busy ____, unruly Sun" (2 wds.; Donne, "The Sun Rising")	76 145 155 196 12 26 24
W. Scandinavian Twilight of the Gods	97 84 1 17 177 171 29 109
X. "So he with difficulty and labour hard / ____, with difficulty and labour he" (2 wds.; Milton, "Paradise Lost")	43 32 19 107 187 157 63
Y. English social reformer and theosophist (1847–1933; full name)	151 87 168 42 183 137 124 103 134 74 193
Z. Wicked	192 48 35 113 176 162
Z1. Split! Bug out! (2 wds.)	14 66 105 170 41 138 5 125
Z2. Room with resonant walls for sound effects (2 wds.)	182 68 99 77 88 39 30 121 201 143 120

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THE BACK DOOR

Cooking Our Own Goose

THE QUESTION, When does government regulation of business become *over*regulation is argued on economic, sociological, historical, even philosophical grounds. But the psychological ramifications of regulation are rarely discussed, because who wants to risk the embarrassment of depicting the Big Businessman as a vulnerable soul?

Big Businessmen are perhaps the least sympathetic actors on the American stage. Politicians are (relatively) underpaid, and the uncertainties of their existence are periodically played out in public. Professionals, even if they earn millions or have created a need for their services, are putatively in the business of helping others. Salespersons, *gratis* Arthur Miller, are tinged with martyrdom. The woes of union members are vividly broadcast at contract time. Even multiple-murderers agitate our heartstrings, thanks to our inbred conviction that villainy is attributable to nurture rather than nature.

But the Big Businessman, viewed from afar, seems an impenetrable machine—rich, ruthlessly abstract, and single-mindedly devoted to his own profit, regardless of social cost. Sure, Big Businessmen give to charities, occasionally underwrite socially valuable programs. They have even been known to institute employee policies more generous than strictly necessary. But the popular notion is that Big Businessmen do such things to deflect attention from their misdeeds or defuse potentially costly problems, seldom to benefit society or satisfy their consciences. Big Businessmen are to today what Shylock and cohorts were to Shakespeare's London: the indisputable ogres.

Thus, it takes some temerity to suggest that, if pricked, Big Businessmen bleed. If tickled, they laugh; if poisoned, they die. And if shackled by overzealous regulators or insulted by laws that presuppose them to be conscienceless fiends, they may—just may—become disheartened and decide to move their operations to a more amicable environment.

The sudden foliation of regulatory agencies in the Sixties—EPA, OSHA, EEOC, etc., etc.—is something of a credit to America's noblest aspirations. The dream that we could legislate a pure environment, ideal working conditions, and an end to discrimination—all without disrupting the marketplace—was uplifting, but naive. For every "improvement" carries its price-tag, which, if too high, may make the improvement, on balance, a misfortune. Is closing a cancer-causing smelter (see "What Price Arsenic?", page 24), thus depriving the community of jobs and revenue, preferable to seeking a compromise between the need for a healthy environment and the need for jobs and profits? Is testing a new drug for seven years, all the while depriving patients who would otherwise benefit from it (see "The Battle Over the New Drug Regulation Act," *SR*, October 14, 1978), preferable to seeking a compromise that would permit a new drug to be administered to those who need it now and that also would provide protection for future users? Is it preferable to have a product-approval process so thorough and costly that no businessman will risk its rigors or a system that encourages innovation and caution at the same time?

Such rhetorical questions answer themselves. The proper approach to differences is Isaiah's "Come, let us reason together." But what is obvious in theory is rarely achievable in actuality. No society in the history of civilization has ever been as litigious as America today. Instead of sitting down and working things out together, opposing interest groups sue—and countersue—thereby turning what may be solvable differences into win-or-lose contests. The government sues. Public-interest groups sue. Spouses sue each other. Dates left in the lurch sue. A child who feels he was inadequately raised sues his parents. Any employee who gets fired can find some basis to sue. Headline-seekers announce their suits in the press before they mention their quarrel to the defendant. Instead of looking to the spirit of the law—resolving differences in what is deemed to be the public interest—we look to its letter.

Regulation becomes overregulation when regulatory agents pursue their goals oblivious to the cost to society at large, when, for example, they force a smelter to shut down without considering whether those affected would prefer employment, with a risk of cancer, to unemployment. And overregulation becomes dangerous when it discourages Big Businessmen from contributing either new jobs or new ideas to society, because they sense that their pleas for understanding are falling on deaf ears.

Free enterprise provided this nation with the wherewithal to fund our growth, our government, and all the services it offers. To treat Big Businessmen as enemies of the people—as too many regulators tend to—is to abuse the goose that laid the golden egg. Not that the goose doesn't need watching: The rights of the less powerful need to be defined and defended. But we will do ourselves all a disservice if we make business so unpleasant to businessmen that they lose the desire to excel. Yes, we need regulations. But bury the spirit of enterprise under paperwork and red tape, and in short order our nation's greatness will be buried as well.

—CARLL TUCKER

"I admit it does *look very impressive. But you see, nowadays* everyone *graduates in the top ten per cent of his class."*

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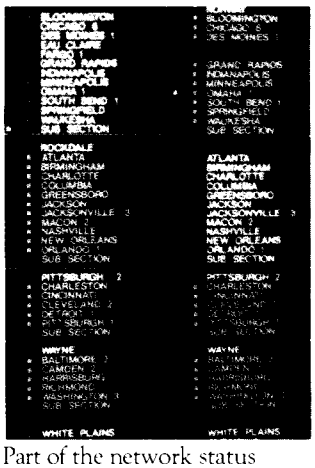
HOW THE BELL SYSTEM OVERSEES 40 MILLION LONG DISTANCE CALLS A DAY. ON AN EASY DAY.

The Network Operations Center, Bedminster, New Jersey.



Part of the network status board, where NOC personnel watch for possible jam-ups.

You are looking at the Bell System's Network Operations Center. Here, our technology and people work 24 hours a day to help your long distance calls go through quickly, effortlessly.

When you make a long distance call, it has several different routes it can take, automatically.

But sometimes traffic gets particularly heavy. We can get a bottleneck.

That's when the people of the Network Operations Center move in. Using the most advanced Bell System computer technology, they re-route the traffic to get your call through.

In round numbers, the Network Operations Center helps manage nearly 40 million calls, on a normal day. At busy times on busy days, the volume surges even higher.

So come Christmas or Mother's Day, hurricane or high water, virtually every long distance call you make goes through quickly and easily.

Thanks to all the people of the Bell System.

No matter when you make your long distance call, the NOC stands ready to help it get through without a hitch.

Bell System

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

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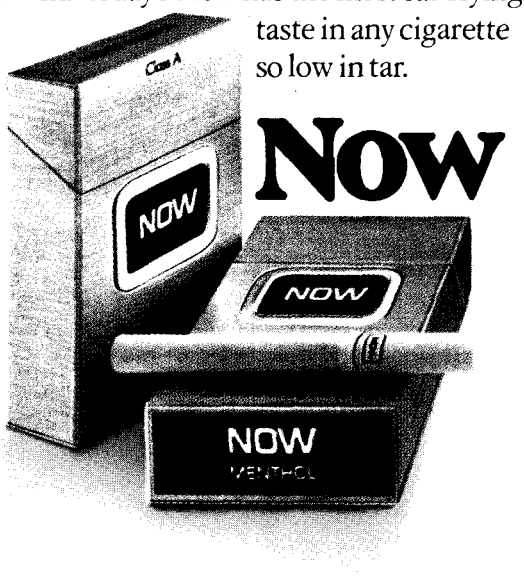
Now. It's a satisfying decision.

Like many people you may recently have switched to a lower tar cigarette, with milder flavor.

But as your tastes have changed, you may have found yourself reaching for a cigarette even lower in tar. An ultra-low tar alternative that satisfies your new tastes in smoking.

Then the decision is Now.

Now has only 2 mg. tar. And bear this in mind: today's Now has the most satisfying taste in any cigarette so low in tar.



Now

Only 2 mg tar. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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